

★ Sept. 3, 1949

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On the Plaza



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, some theatres will rearrange their matinee schedules because of Labor Day. There may be further changes, so it's a good idea to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—Maxwell Anderson's tribute to Henry's second wife, with Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DETECTIVE STORY—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is rather complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

GOODBYE, MY FANCY—A play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. Slick but entertaining. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman in Jean Giraudoux's witty play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With Robert Keith and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

. . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**: Tennessee Williams' drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

MUSICALS

KISS ME, KATE—A captivating show, very vaguely based on "The Taming of the Shrew," that offers some of Cole Porter's best music and lyrics, and splendid performances by Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LEND AN EAR—Charles Gaynor did the sketches, lyrics, and music for this revue, which is certainly one of the bright spots in town. The cast, made up mostly of newcomers to Broadway, includes Carol Channing, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

MISS LIBERTY—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical about a girl who may or may not have

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posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few nice tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

SOUTH PACIFIC—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

MISCELLANY

BLACKOUTS—A musical revue, once a fixture on the West Coast, imported to these parts by its producers Ken Murray and David W. Siegel. With Jack Mulhall, Nick Lucas, and Mr. Murray. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 6. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 40th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Sept. 5, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A NIGHT IN SPAIN—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Sept. 6, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Sept. 5.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, Sept. 1: "For Love or Money." Friday, Sept. 2: "Baa, Baa, Black

Sheep." Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performance of the season): "You Can't Take It with You." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2:30.)

BAR HARBOR—Through Sunday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Goodbye Again." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Friday at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: "Accent on Youth." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10 (final performances of the season): "Springboard to Nowhere." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturdays at 3.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "An Inspector Calls." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Thursday at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Sylvia Sidney in "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls." (South Shore Playhouse, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Gertrude Lawrence in "September Tide." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Friday at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:45.)

GUILFORD—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Yankee Clambake," a new revue. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Friday at 2:40.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Claudia." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:15.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly at 8:45.)

MILLBURN—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: "The Desert Song." Starting Tuesday, Sept. 6: "Bloomer Girl." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Sept. 5, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10: Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, Sept. 1: "The Romantic Age." Friday, Sept. 2: "And He Did Hide Himself." Saturday, Sept. 3: "Saint Joan." Monday, Sept. 5: "Androcles and the Lion." Wednesday, Sept. 7: "The Mistress of the Inn." Thursday, Sept. 8: "Ladies in Arms." Friday, Sept. 9: "The Quick and the Dead." Saturday, Sept. 10: "And He Did Hide Himself." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Monday, Sept. 5, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: Ian Keith in "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: "A Highland Fling." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10 (final performances of the sea-

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son): Helmut Dantine in "Love From a Stranger." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Fridays and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, Sept. 4: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 6-11: Marie Powers in "The Medium" and "The Telephone." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Sept. 4: "Miranda," a new play. Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 6-11 (final performances of the season): "Candlelight." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Monday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "As You Like It." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Sunday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10: "The Cradle Snatchers." (Lake-wood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10 (final performances of the season): Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: Kenny Delmar in "Texas, Li'l Darlin'." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 5-10: Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Arms and the Man." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Sunday at 2:45.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will wind up its season with performances by Ruth Page, Ruth St. Denis, and others on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden was really designed to grow stalactites, but it's pleasant and quite handsome just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra for dancing, except on Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Through Saturday, Sept. 10, the flamboyant music of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, helped out by Bill McCune's band. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—In the Cascades roof garden, Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's orchestras provide dance music at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The long-absent band of Coleman Hawkins, plus (through Thursday, Sept. 8) Dorothy Donegan, who plays a lively piano. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Never mind the hearts-and-flowers violin routine; the beautiful ballet girls and W. C. Handy's trumpeting are a lot more worth while. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—

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Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Re's orchestras. Closed from Saturday, Sept. 3, through Labor Day.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—One of our best warm-weather country seats, within a two-minute elevator ride of New York. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's languishing bands for dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge, at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Mainly young folk getting their exercise after being cooped up in town all day. An orchestra and a rumba band play continuously.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700)—It's not the Maine coast or Bretton Woods, but the outdoor terrace will do nicely on an Indian-summer evening. Dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—In this roomy château, Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing after nine, and Jon and Sondra Steele polish off a few songs.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers Jack Fina's orchestra, which plays straight through dinner and is spelled thereafter by Mischa Borr's band. On Sundays, the Borr band goes it alone, and the room closes at ten.... Michael Zarin's band will return to the Flamingo Room, for dinner and supper dancing, on Thursday, Sept. 8. Dr. Sydney Ross will, that same evening, start unveiling some of his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley, at cocktails, dinner, and supper, turning out the best piano of his young life. Closed Sundays.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a timeless ornament of Park Avenue after dark, playing for dancing from eight-thirty and imparting a new verve to this landmark. Ernie Warren is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 6, with Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor (after nine-thirty), contributing their piano undertones to the animated table talk. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Marshall Grant's trio after ten, except Sundays, and Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner, every evening except Monday.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed from Saturday, Sept. 3, through Labor Day.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with frenzied indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, reëncacting, with malice

aforethought, the idiosyncrasies of a group of all too familiar song stylists. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey operate double pianos. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hoops or marbles.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): William Tabbert sings here, every evening but Sunday, as soon as he's out of his "South Pacific" makeup. Kurt Maier is at the piano.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modern décor, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed from Saturday, Sept. 3, through Labor Day.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (VO 5-2800): The café bar, every night but Sunday, offers Cy Coleman's experiments in pianoforte diatonics.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Beginning on Tuesday, Sept. 6, there will be cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and from Sept. 10 Bernie Dolen's orchestra will play at the cocktail hour Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mindy Carson, an unaffected girl with a true voice and no mannerisms, is the best of the lot on view here now. On Thursday, Sept. 8, Joe E. Lewis, the smoking-room story's great champion, will return to town, along with Kay Starr, who sings. Dance music for spectator athletes, and those Copa girls for spectator sportsmen.... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Through Monday, Sept. 5, Harry Richman, on his ninety-third farewell tour of the white-light circuit, plus Martha Raye, who should be seen rather than heard. Not too far to the rear, a covey of long-legged females. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 7, the Ritz Brothers, who sometimes do the world's funniest parody of Harry Richman, will be let loose here. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5908): Through Saturday, Sept. 3, from dinnertime until just before dawn, the seductive piano duets of Eadie and Rack. A five-day hiatus follows. On Friday, Sept. 9, the place goes into full production, with a show involving Irene Williams' songs of sorrow, Phil Gordon's songs of extroversion, and the music of Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. On that day, too, Eadie and Rack will resume their late-at-night piano nocturnes.... **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Scheduled to reopen Wednesday, Sept. 7, with a collection of happy and familiar faces—Paula Drake, Bibi Osterwald, the King Odom Quartet, and Michael Brown. The music will again be provided by the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): An odd but agreeable treetop, wherein Mmes. Mercer (Mabel) and Spivy (Spivy) intone romantic and knockabout songs, respectively. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (GR 7-0753): Scheduled to open Tuesday, Sept. 6, as the new home of Jimmy Daniels and his troupe of reliable nightlarks—Garland Wilson, Mae Barnes, and Norene Tate. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams' arresting abstract piano, sometimes solo and sometimes in counterpoint with J. C. Heard's trio, which also plays for dancing. Mary Osborne chips in with some of her big-blond Circe songs. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Alarums and excursions by Wild Bill Davison, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, ringing these aged rafters. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's stentorian quartet, which employs the services of Kan-



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sell Moore, will move out Monday, Sept. 5, and the next night Hot Lips Page will turn up with half a dozen rowdy helpers. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's band, in which Sidney de Paris is also involved, being as Early American Primitive as the house rules allow. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays... **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Willie the Lion Smith making real lively boys-in-the-back-room music, after ten every night but Monday. Mondays through Fridays, Art Hodes is here, too. Herb Ward, Tony Parenti, and Frank Orchard help out... **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Jazz in its pristine form, expounded by Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and other experts. Closed Mondays, except Labor Day... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, who has been away a long time, evoking satisfying sounds from a very tired piano.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Henry Busse's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Labor Day... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra, except Mondays... **BOWDEN SQUARE**, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio, every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE**, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays... **CLOSTER**, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays... **COLD SPRING HARBOR**, L.I.: The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Tuesday, Sept. 6... **CONGERS**, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays, except Sept. 5... **CROTON FALLS**, N.Y.: Masse's (Croton Falls 060); closed Tuesdays... **DANBURY**, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667)... **DOVER PLAINS**, N.Y.: Old Drivers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781)... **EAST HAMPTON**, L.I.: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475)... **EAST NORWICH**, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266)... **FISHKILL**, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167)... **Gertrude Hart's** (Beacon 979)... **GARRISON**, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays... **GLENWOOD LANDING**, L.I.: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Tuesday, Sept. 6... **HAMPTON BAYS**, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings... **Cruiser Club** (Hampton Bays 342)... **HARTSDALE**, N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597)... **MAMARONECK**, N.Y.: Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 9-5048); closed Tuesday, Sept. 6... **MANHASSET**, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays... **NEW HOPE**, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784)... **NORWALK**, CONN.: Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings... **Silvermine Tavern** (Norwalk 6-2588)... **Jolly Fisherman** (Norwalk 8-3246)... **POUNDRIDGE**, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Tuesday, Sept. 6... **RIDGEFIELD**, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120)... **Stonehenge** (Ridgefield 232)... **ROSLYN**, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays... **SMITHTOWN**, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON**, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Tuesday, Sept. 6... **SYOSSET**, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706)... **Stockholm** (Syosset 6-1708); closed Mondays, except Sept. 5... **TARRYTOWN**, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings... **WAPPINGERS FALLS**, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings... **WESTBURY**, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839)... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH**, L.I.: Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400)... **WESTON**, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.

Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays, except Sept. 5.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in the city open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays. They will all be closed on Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9... **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by the gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10... **CARLBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 50th St.: A show containing works by Matisse, Renoir, and Picasso, among others. Weekdays; through Sept. 3.

IN THE COUNTRY—At the **NORTH SHORE ARTS ASSOCIATION**, Gloucester, Mass.: Twenty-seventh annual show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30... **ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION**, Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7... **PARRISH MUSEUM**, Southampton, L.I.: Group show by artists living on eastern Long Island. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; Sundays, 3 to 5; and Mondays, 2 to 5... **GUILD HALL**, East Hampton, L.I.: Oils and water colors by members of the Guild Hall gallery. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sunday, 3 to 6; through Sept. 6... **MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION**, Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-fifth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 2 to 5; through Sept. 5... **BERKSHIRE ART CENTER**, Canaan, N.Y.: A show by contemporary artists, including Sol Wilson, Joseph DeMartini, and Ogden Pleissner. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 5... **WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION**, Woodstock, N.Y.: Group show. Weekdays, 11 to 6; Saturday, 10 to 9; and Sunday, 11 to 4; through Sept. 6... **ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART**, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: A hundred and seventeen paintings by art students throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.

MUSEUMS

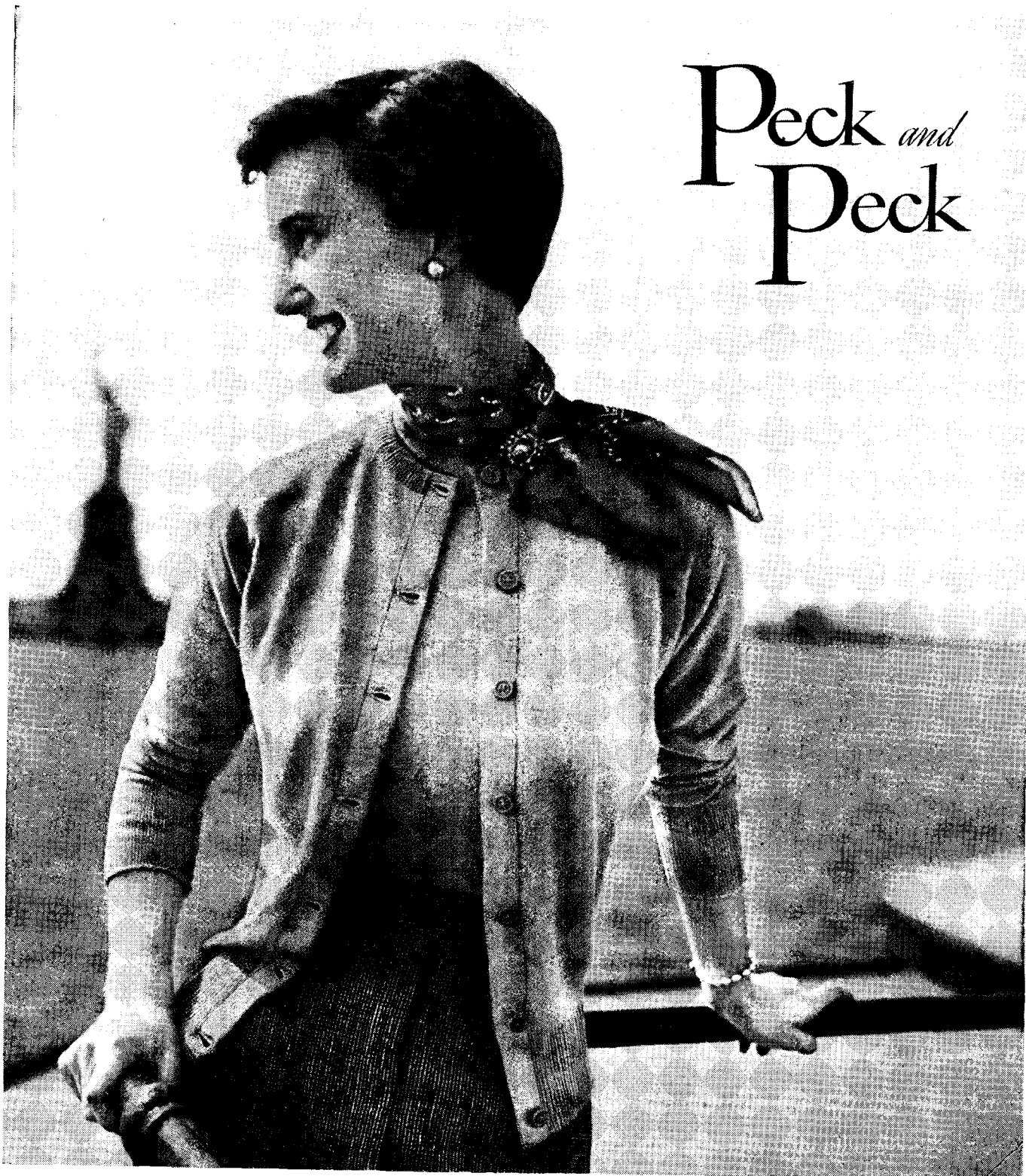
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Sept. 5, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4... **A large and practically definitive show of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18... A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25... In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)**

MUSIC

OPERA—The **LEMONADE OPERA**: The first performances in America of Mendelssohn's "The Stranger," along with Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SALMAGGI OPERA**—Final performance of the season—"La Bohème." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Sept. 3, at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

MALL CONCERT—Naumburg Memorial Concert. Jascha Fishberg conducting, with Paul King, baritone. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 5.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of chamber-music concerts—Sunday, Sept. 4: The Berkshire Quartet... Sunday, Sept. 11: The Berkshire Quartet, with Albert Spalding, violin. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Both at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 8-9, at 2:30... Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 1:30 (doubleheader)... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 2:30... Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 2:30... Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 5-6, at 1:30 (doubleheaders)... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 1:30... Dodgers vs. Boston, Monday, Sept. 5, at 10:30 and 3, and Tuesday, Sept. 6, at 8:30... Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 1:30.

BOXING—Rocky Castellani vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Sept. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOWS—Yonkers Kennel Club. (Yonkers, Sunday, Sept. 4)... Mid-Hudson Kennel Club. (Pawling, Monday, Sept. 5)... Somerset Hills Kennel Club. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 10.)

FOOTBALL—Eastern College All-Stars vs. New York Giants; for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5)... North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 8-10.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 10.)

POLO—National Open Championship: Quarterfinals, Sunday, Sept. 4... Semifinals, Monday, Sept. 5. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Both at 3:30.)

RACING—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:15. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Sept. 5; and the Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, except Sept. 5, through Fridays between 11:10 and 1; Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25; and Labor Day between 10:15 and 1:25.)

TENNIS—National Amateur Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Monday, Sept. 5. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway; and the West Side Tennis Club.)... Wightman Cup Matches. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10.)

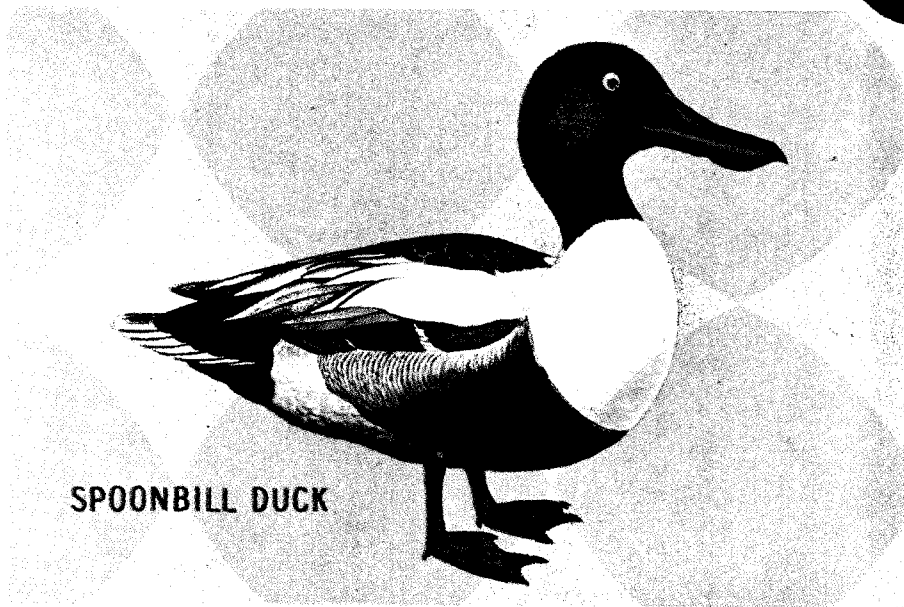
TROTTING—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 7-11.)

OTHER EVENTS

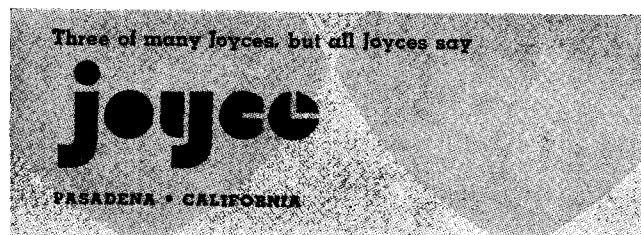
UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and, through Tuesday, Sept. 6, to the committee meetings of the Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilization of Resources. For tickets, call Fiedstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Time by the Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays, except Sept. 5, through Friday at 2:30 and 8:30. Saturdays, Sun-



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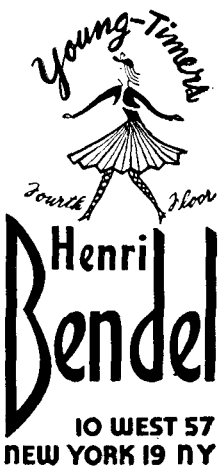
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 1:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; Navy vs. Princeton, at Baltimore; Bucknell vs. N.Y.U., at Lewisburg; Temple vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia; Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven. . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Michigan vs. Army, at Ann Arbor; Colgate vs. Boston University, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis; Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at Brooklyn; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick.

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye, Sept. 11.) . . . ♪ Westbury Kennel Association. (Westbury, Sept. 25.) . . . ♪ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains, Sept. 20-22.) . . . ♪ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale, Sept. 28.)

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, Sept. 11.) . . . ♪ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, Sept. 15-17.) . . . ♪ Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Sept. 17-18.) . . . ♪ Bryn Mawr and Chester County Combined Shows. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 22-24.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Sept. 17.) . . . ♪ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Sept. 28 and Oct. 1.) . . . ♪ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Oct. 8.) . . . ♪ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 15.)

MOTORBOAT RACE—President's Cup Power Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 16-17.)

POLO—National Open Championship, Sept. 11 and 18. . . ♪ Monty Waterbury Tournament, Sept. 25. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Sept. 22. . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Bulldogs vs. Philadelphia, Sept. 22. . . ♪ Giants vs. Bulldogs, Sept. 30. . . ♪ Bulldogs vs. Green Bay, Oct. 7.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Through Sept. 17. . . **BELMONT PARK:** Sept. 19-Oct. 8. . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Oct. 10-11. . . **JAMAICA:** Oct. 12-18.

ROLLER DERBY—At Madison Square Garden, Sept. 16-22.

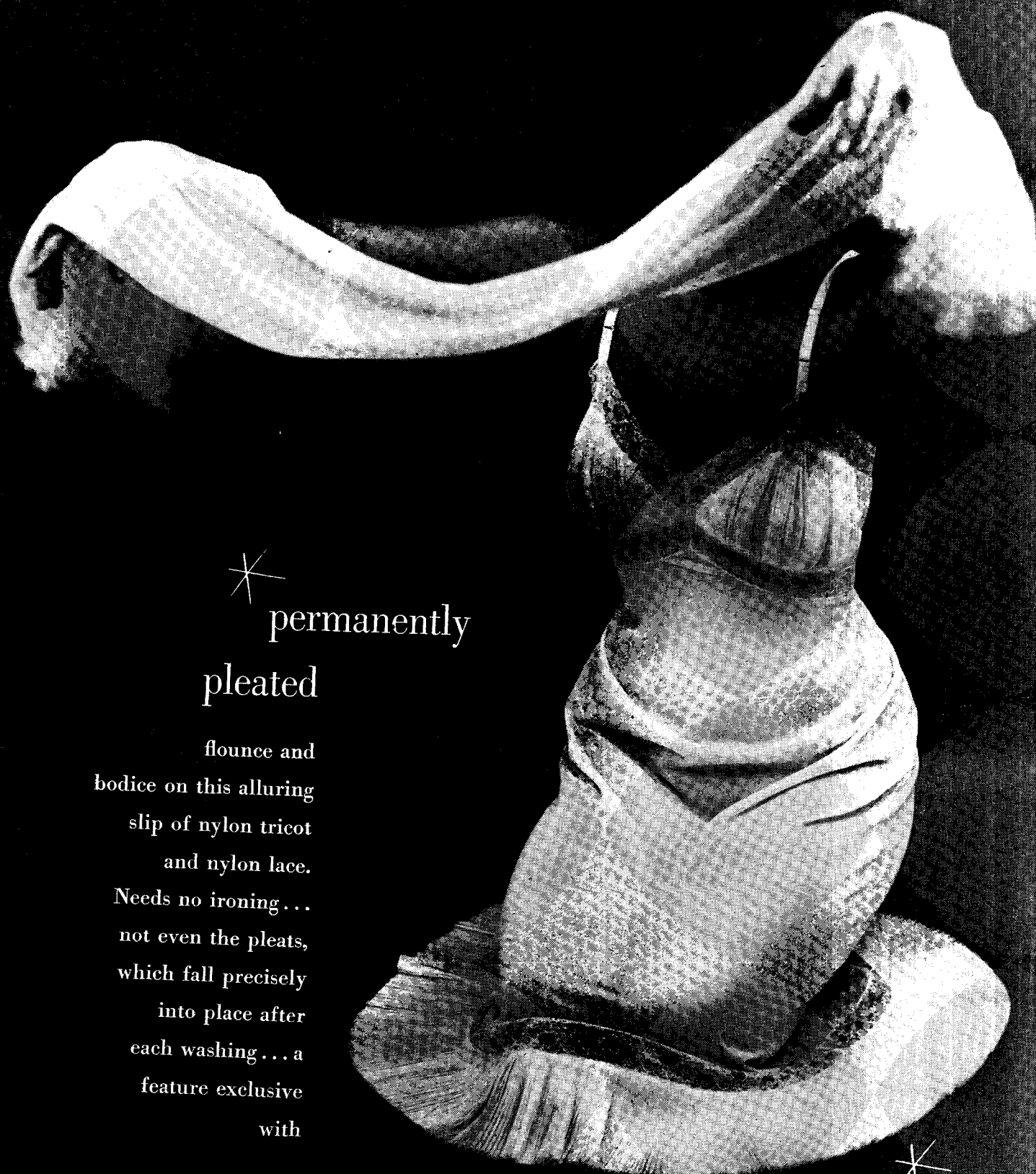
TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Every weekday evening. . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekday evenings, Sept. 12-Oct. 15.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next few weeks—A limited engagement of "Twelfth Night," with Arnold Moss and Frances Reid. . . ♪ "Touch and Go," a revue with sketches and lyrics by Jean and Walter Kerr, and music by Jay Gorney. Produced by George Abbott. . . ♪ Maurice Evans and Edna Best in two Terence Rattigan plays, "The Browning Version" and "Harlequinade," to be known as "Double Bill."

BALLET—The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Sept. 16-Oct. 2. . . ♪ Sadler's Wells Ballet, starting Oct. 9. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Solomon, Oct. 4. . . ♪ Yehudi Menuhin, Oct. 10. . . ♪ Opening performance of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 11. . . ♪ Earl Wild, Oct. 12. . . ♪ Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Oct. 13. . . **TOWN HALL:** Elena Nikolaidi, Oct. 10. . . ♪ Appleton and Field, Oct. 14. . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER:** New York City Opera Company, starting Sept. 29.

OTHER DATES—Mineola Fair, Sept. 13-17. . . ♪ Quarterly income-tax payments due Sept. 15. . . ♪ United Nations General Assembly convenes at Flushing Meadow Sept. 20. . . ♪ Daylight Saving Time ends Sept. 25. . . ♪ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 28-Oct. 23. . . ♪ Total eclipse of the moon, Oct. 6.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and mighty little else. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Sept. 7.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—Adolescent love described perceptively in a French film directed by Claude Autant-Lara and featuring Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DOLWYN—Dame Edith Evans contributes a memorable performance as the heroine of a doomed Welsh village. Emyln Williams not only wrote and directed the thing, but is on hand with a stunning piece of acting. An English picture. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 50th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Sept. 5, all at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—Baseball nonsense. Ray Milland is engaging as a pitcher, and Paul Douglas is comic as his partner behind the plate. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 5-6.)

QUARTET—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly concocted short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English film, which deals with life among the dancers. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Sept. 5, all at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SOME OF THE BEST—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." The idea is to mark some kind of anniversary. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Sept. 6.)

SORROWFUL JONES—Bob Hope in a funny remake of a film that was known as "Little Miss Marker" when it appeared in 1934. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Sept. 6.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 4-5.)

ever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 1.)

MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS (1948)—A German film dealing with the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 6.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Sept. 4-6. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 7.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (1941)—W. C. Fields as a kindly uncle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Sept. 6.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 4-5.)

PERILS OF PAULINE (1947)—Betty Hutton as Pearl White, the movie-serial queen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 5-6.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead playing Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Sept. 7, tentative.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woolcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

THE SEVENTH VEIL (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; Sept. 4-6.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanche in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

TRAGIC HUNT (1948)—An Italian film about a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 7.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer involved with labor problems and hurricanes. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 1. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 80th, SC 4-4700; through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 2-4.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Sept. 4-7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 7.)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Sept. 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Madame Bovary," Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1706)
"Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 7: "In the Good Old Summer Time," Judy Garland, Van Johnson.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Top o' the Morning," Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Was a Male War Bride," Cary Grant, Ann

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5000)
From Sept. 2: "White Heat," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo. (Theatre will be closed Sept. 1.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Sept. 6: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

From Sept. 7: To be announced.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

EMBASSY CINEMA, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Sept. 3: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, revival. Sept. 4-6: **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, revival. Sept. 7-9: **I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING**, revival.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Girl in the Painting," Mai Zetterling, Robert Beatty.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Sept. 7 (tentative): **A ROYAL SCANDAL**, revival.

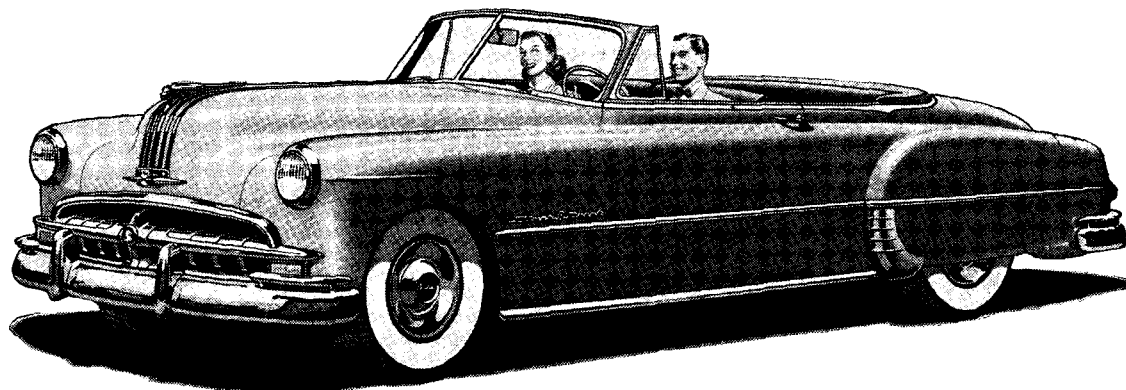
WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
DOLWYN.

PONTIAC

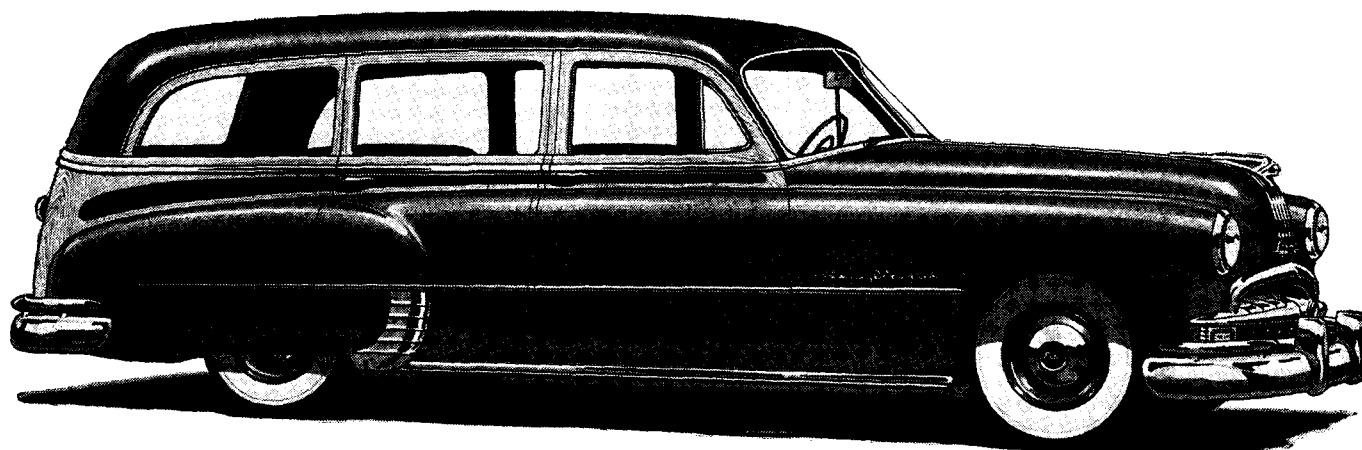
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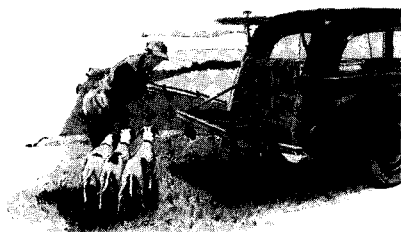
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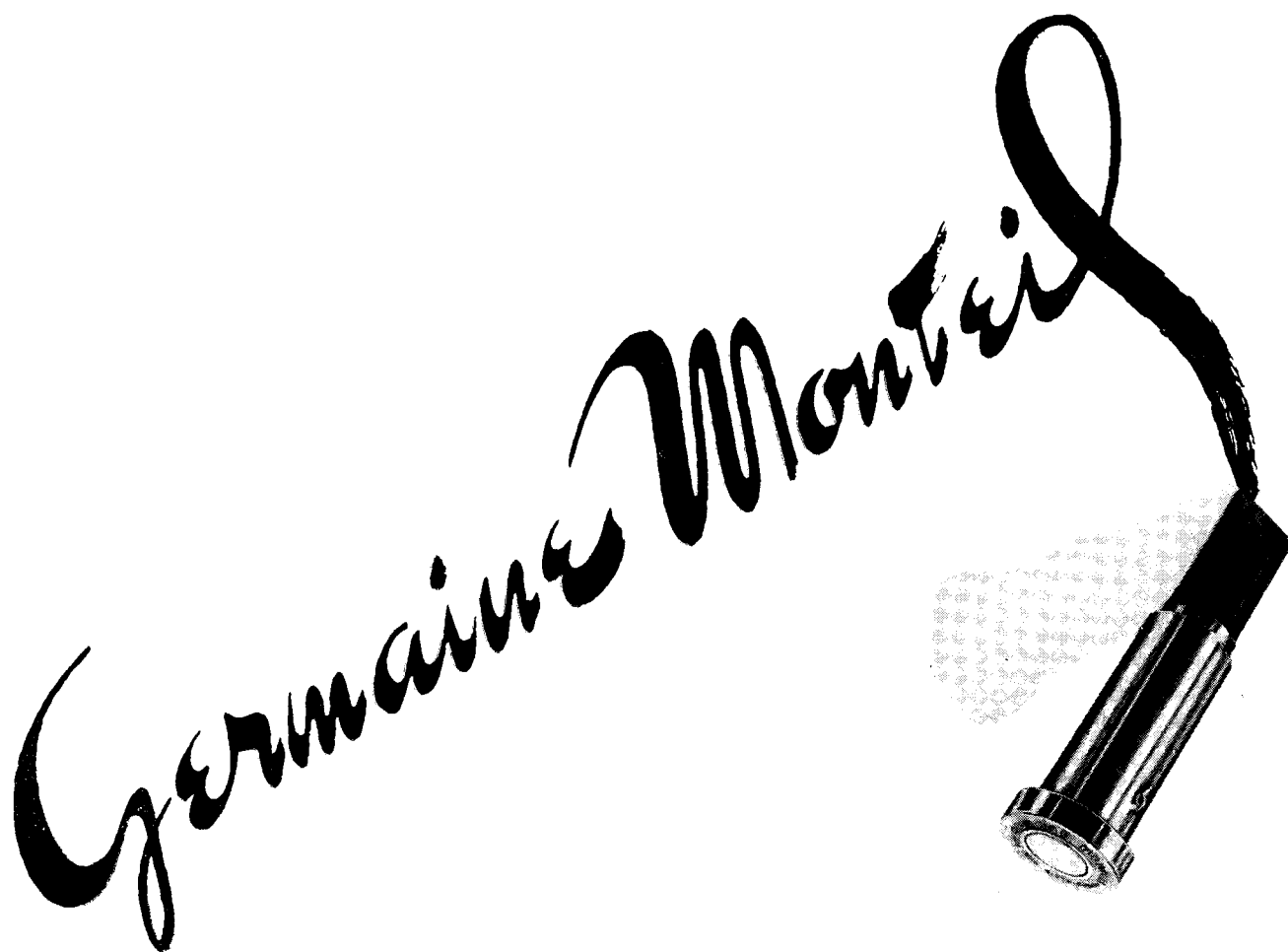


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR us the prettiest day in all the long year is the day that comes unexpectedly at the end of August in the country. It is a cool day, freshly laundered (as though straight from the Bendix of the gods), when the airs, the light, and a new sound from the grasses give the world a wholly changed character. On this day, summer, languishing but not really sick, receives her visitors with a certain deliberateness—a pretty girl who knows she doesn't need to stay in bed. The yellow squash illuminates the aging vine, the black-billed cuckoo taps out his hollow message in code (a series of three dots), and zinnias stand as firm and quiet as old valorous deeds. This is the day the farmer picks up the first pullet egg, a brown and perfect jewel in the grass; the day a car stops and a man gets out and tacks up a poster advertising the county fair. You couldn't get us to swap this one day for any six other days.

AND speaking of days, and of the seasons, this used to be the moment in the year when mothers of young boys would get out the sewing basket and sit down after supper to sew Cash's name tapes on their sons' clothes. It was a melancholy, tender scene, of course, leading up to the boys' leaving home for the first time, and it left a mark not only on the underdrawers but on the mother, who felt each stitch prick her heart. The scene seems to have gone the way of all yesterdays. Cash, we learn, now makes a name tape on a new, advanced principle, vaguely chemical in nature.

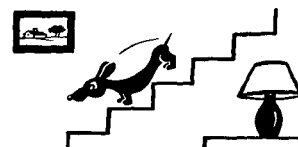


The mother merely snips off a section of tape, places it upon a suitable spot on the underdrawers, runs a hot iron over

it, and there she is. No more pricking of her finger because her eyes are filled with tears, just the steady sizzle of tear-drops as they fall on the electric iron. We have an idea that Cash got the notion from those drugstore stencils (Mickey Mouse and other heraldic devices) that have enabled so many millions of little American boys to add tone and color to so many little American T shirts.

SERIOUS consideration should be given by architects to the problems of people who own dachshunds. The modern boys—the Wrights, the Gropiuses, the Neutras—are full of startling ideas about functional design, but it is one thing to design a house around a person and it is something else again to design a house around a dachshund. Chief of the problems is the matter of stairs. Here, proportion is everything. An English setter takes a flight of stairs in his stride—literally in his stride, one paw after another. He merely crouches slightly and glides up or down. A dachshund, because of his low center of gravity (which in some individuals is simply a center of frivolity), is incapable of going up and down stairs one paw after another. He, or she, must tackle stairs in a series of bold, sometimes hysterical leaps, the two forepaws and the two hindpaws operating in pairs. The ascent of a dachshund is a sort of conniption. It requires considerable driving power, most of it supplied by the hind legs. The descent, far more difficult and in some instances disastrous, is a series of suicidal leaps, with the dog in imminent danger of nosing over. If you have never studied the descent of a dachshund, perhaps a brief description will help. The animal first gets himself into the correct launching position, forepaws down one step, hindpaws poised at brink of takeoff. If he is an elderly dog, he remains in the launching position for several minutes, reviewing the situation and making side

remarks. Having determined to go, he throws himself outward with just enough force to drop him onto the next step down, still in the launching posi-



tion. Obviously he must neither overshoot nor undershoot. And he must re-launch himself the very instant he makes contact; that is, he must continue to bounce, legs tensed and in pairs, one step at a time, till he reaches the bottom. A dachshund with long toenails descending an uncarpeted staircase makes a sound unlike any other sound in nature.

We can say with assurance that a stairway having ten-inch treads and seven-and-a-half-inch risers is a practical stairway for an adult dachshund in reasonably good health. A stairway with narrow treads—seven or eight inches, a size common in old New England houses—can cause a dachshund to crack up nervously. Circular stairs, popular with modern architects, are unfair to dachshunds; such stairs often have no risers at all, which is unnerving, and the descent requires not only a bounce but a bounce with a twist. Our own residence, built before either architects or dachshunds were highly thought of, is unsuitable for dachshunds, and we are thinking of installing an electric chair-lift for our animal. While we are at it, the chair might as well be big enough to hold both of us.

Incidental Music

THAT Brooklyn Dodgers Symphony Band is, to get right down to cases, composed of six amateur musicians: Lou Soriano (leader), snare drum; Phil Mason, trumpet; Bob Shark-ey, clarinet; Patsy Palma, bass drum; Pete Norman, trombone; and Jo Jo



"The nominating committee recommends that we reëlect all of the present officers, as we still have on hand a very large quantity of stationery with their names on it."

supply biscuits to Queen Victoria—in 1894, and that by 1939 it had six factories scattered over England, the largest in Shadwell, in East London. This plant was destroyed during a German air raid in 1941 and hasn't been rebuilt. It was unquestionably a primary German target, Mr. Mullord told us. The bombers came over four times in one night and made four direct hits. The German High Command apparently planned to break the spirit of the British people by depriving them of their tea biscuits, but biscuits continued to pour out of the other Meredith & Drew factories, and victory was finally won.

Tea being ready, we prepared to sample the six varieties of biscuits that Meredith & Drew are marketing here, out of their grand total of twenty-nine. The favored six are shortcake, currant shortcake, Nice (named after the city, not the adjective), Bourbon (named after the family, not the whiskey), Halifax sandwich, and ginger. The shortcake and the currant shortcake we found to be crumbly and

not very sweet. Mr. Mullord pronounced them ideal for morning coffee in bed, despite the crumbliness. The Nice is flavored with coconut and sprinkled with sugar. "The biscuit as we know it is said to have been invented by Louis the Fourteenth," Mr. Douglass remarked, nibbling a Nice. "Hence the many French names." The Bourbon, the Halifax sandwich, and the ginger are not called by those names in England. Because of American food regulations, their names had to be changed before they could be put on sale here. The Halifax sandwich, a biscuit with a vanilla filling, is known in England as a custard cream. The United States Food and Drug Administration rejected that name, on the ground that the biscuit doesn't have any cream in it, let alone any custard. A like objection explains the Bourbon, a chocolate biscuit with a gooey chocolate filling, which is known in England as a Bourbon cream. Gingers are what we call gingersnaps and what the English call ginger nuts. Meredith & Drew

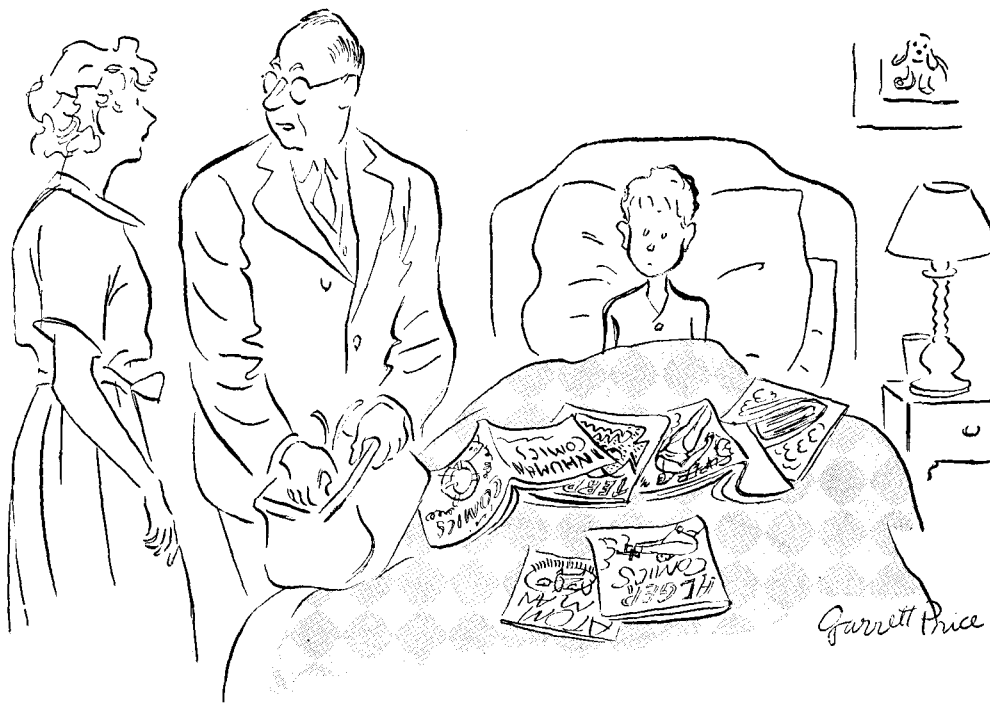
made no fuss over having to rename their biscuits. "We have laws of that sort at home," Mr. Douglass remarked. "Very sensible they are, too. In the case of the ginger nut, however, we English *do* seem to understand that the word 'nut' doesn't mean 'nut' at all."

Art World

A GENTLEMAN visiting Macy's art gallery was inspecting a wallful of paintings when a clerk edged up to him and asked, "What particular size are you looking for, sir?"

Cosmopolitan

CHARLES W. THAYER, the new chief of the International Broadcasting Division of the State Department, which runs the Voice of America programs, has lived in a number of the countries the Voice addresses, and has subsequently spoken to them in Russian, German, French, Spanish, Serbian, Bulgarian, and



"Take him off 'Atom Man,' 'Torture Comics,' and 'Superman,' and put him on Peter Rabbit, Mickey Mouse, and Downy Duckling for a while."

Persian. He was born in Philadelphia in 1910 (foxhunting antecedents), went to St. Paul's, and, after a year in England, France, and Spain, entered West Point, where he played No. 1 on the polo team. In 1933, when he graduated, there weren't enough vacancies to take care of all the potential officers from the military schools and the ranks, so he gave up the Army. He wanted to get into the Foreign Service, he told us during a recent talk we had with him in the Voice offices, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and thought it would be useful to know Russian, so he went to Russia and lived with a Russian family. That same year, William C. Bullitt, an old friend of his family's, turned up in Moscow as Ambassador. He took Thayer on as his private secretary, and later made him secretary of the Embassy. To test Thayer's language qualifications, Bullitt handed him the manuscript of a Russian play and asked him for a verbal résumé. "I wasn't really up to that," Thayer said to us, "but I'd seen the play the night before, so I got by." His duties included interpreting for Bullitt. Sometimes, when he found his chief's conversation dull, he improved upon it. During a talk between Bullitt and Voroshilov, Soviet Commissar for Defense, when Bullitt remarked on what nice weather it was, Thayer relayed

weather for polo. Why don't you play it here?" Voroshilov promptly invited Thayer to become chief instructor in polo of the Red Army and the Ambassador chief referee. "They produced sixty ponies," Thayer said, "and I got a polo-playing cousin of mine in England to send over some equipment, but when the honeymoon was over, the Russian teams began to fail to show up for practice. Finally, I was told they were out on maneuvers. They never did come back."

Thayer left Moscow for Germany in 1937. He served as vice-consul in the Hamburg and Berlin consulates, had another diplomatic stint in Russia, and in 1942 became chargé d'affaires of the legation in Afghanistan. There he shot ibexes and wild boars and engaged extensively in falconry, using birds lent him by the Shah, Mohammed Zahir Khan. The Shah also presented him with a falcon. He undertook to train it, but this worked out badly. On one occasion, it flew into the Japanese Embassy in Kabul, the country's capital. "I got on a wall and chirped till it flew out," Thayer said. "Toward the end of the training period, you have to starve the falcon a bit. Mine was about to graduate when it keeled over—dead of malnutrition."

Leaving Afghanistan in 1943, Thayer continued his peripatetic career,

first as member of a European advisory commission in London, under Ambassador Winant, and then, having been tapped for the Office of Strategic Services by General Donovan and having been commissioned a lieutenant colonel, as head of an O.S.S. military mission to Tito. Later, he became head of the O.S.S. in Austria and adviser on Russian affairs there to General Mark Clark. Next, in 1946, the Army lent him to the State Department, so that he could be a member of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Commission to Korea. His boss was John R. Hodge, Commanding General of United States Army forces in Korea. "The General shuddered when he saw my lieutenant colonel's leaves," Thayer said. "Everyone else on the Commission was at least a major general. He took my leaves off and left me naked. Everyone called me Mister." Edwin W. Pauley, head of the Reparations Commission, presently showed up in Korea, on his

way to see General Marshall in China. "Hodge asked him to take me along," Thayer told us, "to exchange information with our Embassy officials, so I went to Nanking one day and to Peking the next." At an American Legation cocktail party, someone asked Thayer what he was doing in China. He said he was writing a book to be called "China Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." "I got here yesterday and am leaving tomorrow," he explained. His interlocutor pronounced the project ambitious but worth while.

Thayer has had his present job a little over a year. He has a staff of four hundred and puts on broadcasts around the clock. He thinks that until the recent heavy jamming, the Voice was reaching four or five million Russians; some State Department officials have estimated the peak number of listeners as triple that. "It must still be getting to a good many Russians," he said, "because the government there often publicly attempts to refute the things we say."

Apt

A LADY reports that, proceeding along Park Avenue the other afternoon, she came upon a splendid Rolls-Royce that was being shackled ignominiously to a tow truck. She felt better about the matter when she

noticed that the truck was inscribed "The Elaborate Garage Co."

With or Without Dragons

DURING a period of four agitated days last week, the Plaza Art Galleries, of 9 East Fifty-ninth Street, bore a rather creepy resemblance to the Limehouse lair of Dr. Fu Manchu. It should be added at once, however, in fairness to the Doctor, that the objects on view were perhaps too diverse for a man of his disciplined tastes, for while the majority of them were rampantly Chinese, there were also examples of Eskimo, Indian, Syrian, Florentine, Tyrolian, Zambesian, French, Tibetan, Spanish, Burmese, Gothic, Russian, English Victorian, and Early American handiwork. The occasion was the auction sale of the collection of the late Robert L. ("Believe It or Not") Ripley—a collection that the Gallery advertised as "unique." We stopped in for an hour or so on the afternoon of the third day and perceived that "unique" wasn't the half of it. In a scholarly foreword to a catalogue of the collection, the brothers O'Reilly, the proprietors of the Gallery, affirmed that Ripley had travelled six hundred thousand miles in the course of gathering oddities for his cartoon series and at the same time assembling his collection of furniture and objets d'art. We don't know which may have finally struck Ripley as weirder, his oddities or his objets, but we're inclined to consider the six-hundred-thousand-mile figure too low. No one man could have accumulated that stuff in so short a distance. Maybe the best way to indicate Ripley's massive catholicity is to note that among the first ten lots of miscellaneous items to be auctioned off the day we were there were three primitive masks, a brass head, two dippers, a Buddha, four steins, two tankards, a deep-sea diver's knife, some assorted wooden tribal weapons and shields, six assorted canes, a Bokhara rug, and some framed butterflies. The last item in the catalogue, No. 1112, was a Chinese rug, "as is." Our two favorite items in the collection were No. 715, a red-lacquered opium bed—very cozy—and No. 948, listed as a "carved mutton fat jade brass mounted reducing roller (Chinese)." That's what it was, too—a roller with colored glass balls, just the thing for obese mandarins.

The auction room was packed with ardent bidders and no less ardent on-lookers when we arrived, and we contented ourselves with hovering about the

fringes of the crowd, occasionally peering through a six-armed Vishnu or over a bad-tempered ceramic dog at Mr. E. P. O'Reilly, who was in charge of the sale while we were there. It made no difference to Mr. O'Reilly whether the piece on the green felt auction table was a porcelain pagoda of the Ch'ien Lung Period, some specimens of crocodile bait, or a General Electric sunlamp, with self-timer; he got the bidding under way with a speed and directness that would have made a Lucky Strike auctioneer cringe in embarrassment at his own slow Southern drawl. "Ten, ten, ten," Mr. O'Reilly would chant, slowly at first, then faster and faster. "Fifteen, fifteen, fifteen, twentytwentytwentythirtythirtyfortyfortyfivefiftyfiftynomoreatfiftynomoreatfiftysoldatfiftysoldatfifty." And then, gradually slowing down, "And now we have a nice little terracotta equestrian group..." The bidding invariably went higher than we expected it to, and we weren't surprised to learn afterward that the collection brought a total of \$87,969, or about \$80,000 more than we'd have given for it.

We couldn't make out who the bid-

ders were just by looking at them. We assumed that most of the large, important-looking Chinese pieces were being bid in by dealers, but a young couple just in front of us had an enormous wooden statue of a goddess knocked down to them for a couple of hundred dollars. When Mr. O'Reilly went on to the next item, a pair of icons, the couple exchanged a tender smile, and the girl whispered, "Oh, what an apartment we're going to have! I can hardly wait till we're married. Now, if we can only get two or three of those big brass dragons for the foyer!" We felt impelled to leave at that point, and did so, walking past a striking assortment of leering Uganda masks and a very attractive petrified snake.

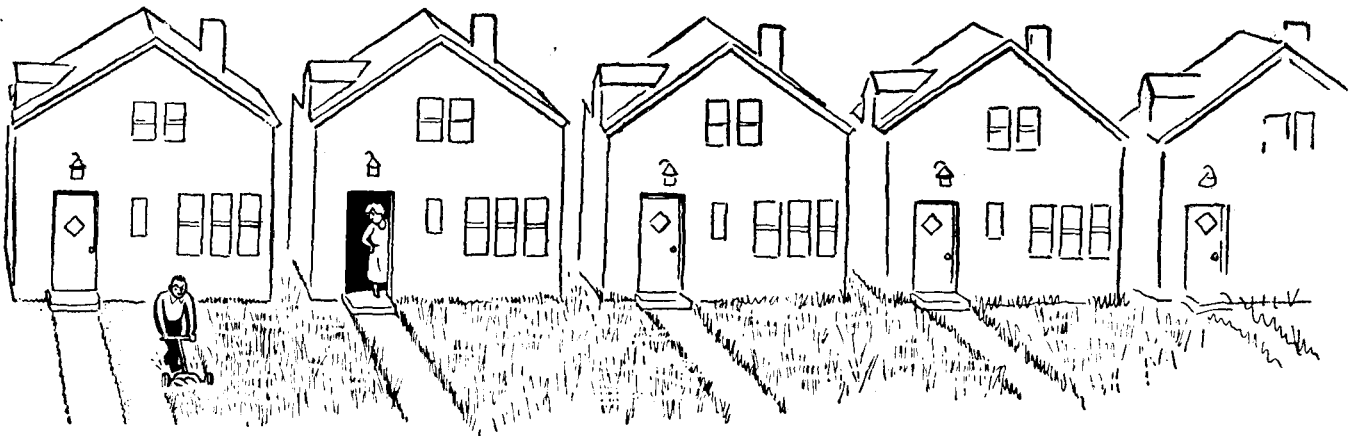
Custom of the Country

A BEVERLY HILLS housewife who has been angling for a cook found the following note from her maid when she got home the other night:

A woman named Pauline called about the cook job. She has worked for Richard Dix and Louis B. Mayer. If you'd like to see her, call her daughter's number, as she is booking all Pauline's interviews. The number is...



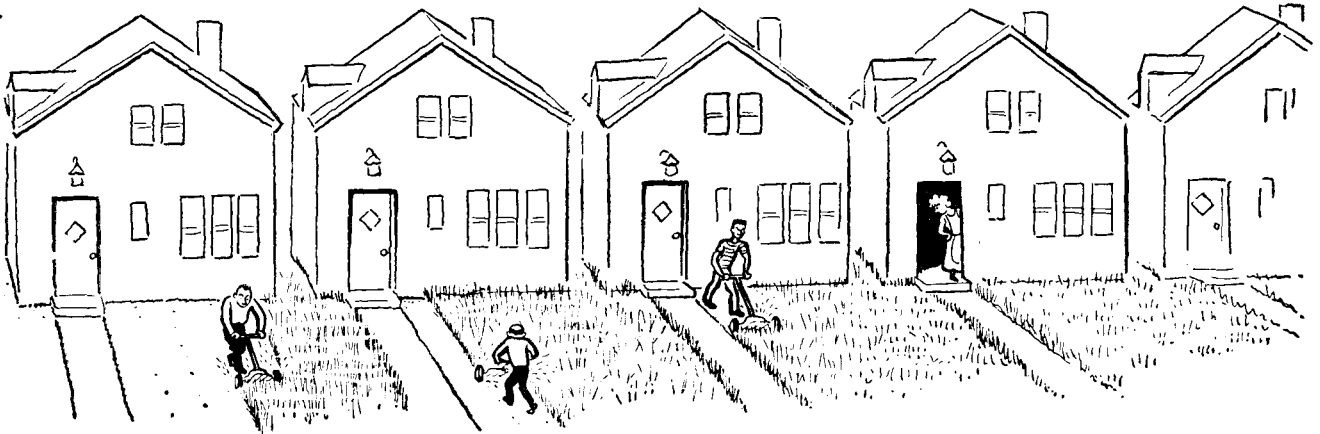
1.



2.



3.



4.



THE MOON BELONGS TO EVERYONE

WHEN Juliet Warren died, the kids were still small—Stevie not yet six and the baby only five months. It was very sudden; one week she was complaining about a headache and the next week she was dead. And there was Herbert, left with two little children. His Aunt Esther came over from Santa Monica for a few weeks, but Herbert knew she wanted to get home, and, after all, sooner or later he would have to face up to the situation. His wife was dead. Herbert had met Julie when he worked at the Sunshine Mart and delivered her mother's orders, and now she was dead. He put an ad for a housekeeper in the papers, and Aunt Esther began to pack her things. "The money you'll have to pay some girl..." she said. "You better start looking for a wife."

"Oh, no," he said. "I couldn't. I wouldn't want to."

He hired a young girl named Florence for eighty a month and took a night job at the miniature golf course on Pico Boulevard, at twenty a week. That would pay Florence's wages, and it was better to work nights than mope around the house. On Sundays, he stayed with the kids while Florence went off. It meant giving up his Sunday-school class and his softball game in the afternoon, but now he had to be a mother as well as a father. He got a kick out of the baby, and Stevie was old enough to really play with now.

Florence wanted Saturdays off, too, so she could shop, but he said he couldn't afford a relief girl. The doctors and the funeral had cleaned him out. She said she understood, and that it would work out somehow, but then she started coming back late on Monday morning. The fourth Monday, it was nearly noon. Herbert warned her that he just had to be at the store on time. He worked in the rug department, and he was supposed to be on the floor at nine. The next week she was late again, and he gave her notice. She said she was just as glad; she needed more time for shopping.

He hired Mrs. Dressmer because she was an older woman and wouldn't have so much shopping to do. She had raised her own family, and she was very sweet with the baby and Stevie, and took an interest in things. But after two months she told Herbert she had to leave. The work was too much for her—the diapers and the marketing and cleaning and the wash—six shirts a week.

"But Julie—Mrs. Warren—used to do it!" he said.

Mrs. Dressmer smiled. "Mrs. Warren was quite a bit younger," she said.

"If we sent out the laundry..." Herbert said. "The shirts and everything—socks, even."

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Warren," she said, "but I'm just tired. I feel as if I can't do a good job any more."

Mrs. Dressmer stayed until Mrs. Versaal came. Mrs. Versaal was around forty, broad and square, with strong, heavy arms. She wanted more money than the others had got—twenty dollars more a month—but Herbert thought it would do him good to cut out cigarettes (since Julie's death he had been smoking like a stove) and he could take his lunch from home. Mrs. Versaal had a big voice and a big laugh, and he felt she would be good with Stevie. Stevie needed a firm hand, and Mrs. Dressmer had been too easygoing.

Mrs. Versaal didn't learn how to manage Stevie very well, though. He would disappear, and she would have to run all over the neighborhood to find him, or he would break things, or not eat. Mrs. Versaal told Herbert not to be impatient, but it was hard, when he came home tired from dragging heavy rugs around all day. Since he'd stopped smoking, everything seemed to get on his nerves more. Mrs. Versaal didn't seem able to manage the house the way Julie had, either. A woman could have showed her how to do, but Herbert didn't know how himself. He just knew he was giving her fifteen dollars a month more house money. Prices were going up, she said, but once he saw nearly a pound of pot roast in the garbage pail. He didn't say anything—nobody was perfect—and he liked Mrs. Versaal. She was almost a friend; you knew there was a woman around.

Then, one night, Herbert woke up and heard the baby crying and coughing, and he went to call Mrs. Versaal.

He knocked on her door, and when she didn't answer, he turned the knob and found that the door was locked. He never felt comfortable with her again. What did she think—a man like him, that used to teach Sunday school?

When Mrs. Versaal had been there three months, Stevie broke a glass in the driveway. The next morning Herbert found he had a flat. He had to pay two dollars to get it fixed and it made him

late to work, but the worst thing was that Stevie lied about it. Mrs. Versaal said he should be whipped, and Herbert thought she was right, but it made him feel terrible. He was short with Mrs. Versaal, Stevie was sullen, and the upshot was that Mrs. Versaal put her foot down. Something had to be done about Stevie, or she was leaving.

Herbert found a boarding school for Stevie in Glendale. He didn't want to. The one thing he had tried to do was keep the family together, but anyhow he could bring Stevie home on Sundays. And Herbert saw the school as a temporary measure, just until Stevie got straightened out. In the meantime, he got a loan on his car to help pay for the school. It cost sixty dollars a month.

FOR a few weeks, everything seemed to be under control, and then, one Sunday, Stevie came down with the measles and couldn't go back to school. Herbert and Mrs. Versaal tried to keep him away from the baby, but she caught measles anyhow, and the next Sunday there was Herbert with the two of them sick. On Monday morning, Mrs. Versaal phoned and said she had measles, too, and that Herbert had better get someone else for a couple of weeks.

Herbert was all ready to go to work. He hung up, and for a minute he thought he was going to cry. He took off his glasses, wiped them carefully, put them back on, and called his Aunt Esther. She said she'd come the next morning. He called the store where he worked and the miniature golf course and said he couldn't get down, and then he changed to dungarees and went

back to nursing. There was almost no food in the house, but he couldn't leave the children to go to the market. The baby cried all day and Stevie kept getting out of bed.

Aunt Esther came in the morning, with a boiled chicken and an apple pie, but she said she could stay only until Wednesday. "Why don't

you get Louise Harribut to help you out till Mrs. Versaal comes back?" she asked. Louise Harribut was some kind of a niece of Aunt Esther's by marriage. Aunt Esther said she had just finished her junior year at college and was looking for a summer job. Her father and mother were dead, and she really needed the money.

Herbert didn't believe it would work—a young girl still in college—



but he was at the end of his rope. "Whatever you think," he said. So Aunt Esther called Louise later that day and she came over the following morning.

Herbert couldn't remember ever having met her, but when he saw her, she looked familiar. Maybe it was just that she looked like a million other girls. She was about twenty-one, kind of blond, and a little heavy through the hips. She seemed to be a nice girl. She wasn't as bright and quick as Mrs. Versaal, but she did take hold. She had the house clean inside of a day, and all the aluminum pans polished. She told Herbert she was a home-economics major, and that anyhow she was used to housework.

"It's certainly nice of you to help out like this, Louise," he said.

"Oh, it's a break for me," she said. "I make twenty a week clear and free. With another job, after I paid for my room and board I wouldn't have anything left." She looked a little to one side of his head as she spoke. She never looked right at a person.

"But it's confining for a young girl like you," Herbert said. "Any time you want to go out on dates and so on, we can get a sitter."

She gave a small laugh. "Oh, that's all right," she said, looking off over his

shoulder. The way she said it, he guessed she probably didn't have many dates. She didn't seem like the kind of girl that would push herself forward at all, and you would never look at her twice on the street. At the same time, she was a very clean-looking girl, with a lovely skin. She had some gold in her teeth, but it didn't show much; it was toward the back, and anyhow when she smiled, she dropped her head. Sometimes she put her pearls in her mouth. She wore a long double strand of imitation ones, like most of the college girls.

The baby liked her right away; at night, Herbert would hear them talking together. Stevie didn't pay much attention to her, but he didn't devil her much. He called her Louise Halibut a few times, and once Herbert almost smacked him, but then he saw she was smiling. "That's what they called me in high school," she said.

The third day Louise was there, she met Herbert at the door. "I hope you parked at the curb," she said. "There was some broken glass—"

"Did you punish him?" asked Herbert.

"Oh, it was just an accident," she said.

"Well," Herbert said, "if he does it again, you let me know."

On Saturday, Herbert asked Louise

to get Stevie's clothes ready for him to go back to school. "In the summer?" she asked. "Can't he stay home?"

"It makes so much work," said Herbert.

"Oh, Stevie keeps me company," she said. "I'd miss him."

"Well," Herbert said, "if that's the case—"

Stevie didn't say anything, but later they heard him singing the "Marines' Hymn" in his room, very loud.

On Sunday, Louise went off for the day and came back around ten in the evening.

"Did you have a nice time?" Herbert asked her.

"Lovely," she said. She gave him a paper box. "Aunt Esther sent you some icebox cookies."

Herbert was surprised that a girl who had one day off a week would spend it with her aunt, but he tried not to show it. "That's a long bus ride," he said. "If you go again, maybe we'll drive you over."

"Oh, terrific!" she said.

Mrs. Versaal phoned the next week. She said sadly that she was so run down she needed more time off. Could Herbert make out without her for a while? Herbert said yes, and told her about Louise and about Stevie's staying home from school for the summer. "Oh, isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Versaal. "Nobody'll put themselves out like your own family, will they?" She sighed. "Well, fine! I'll call again, end of August."

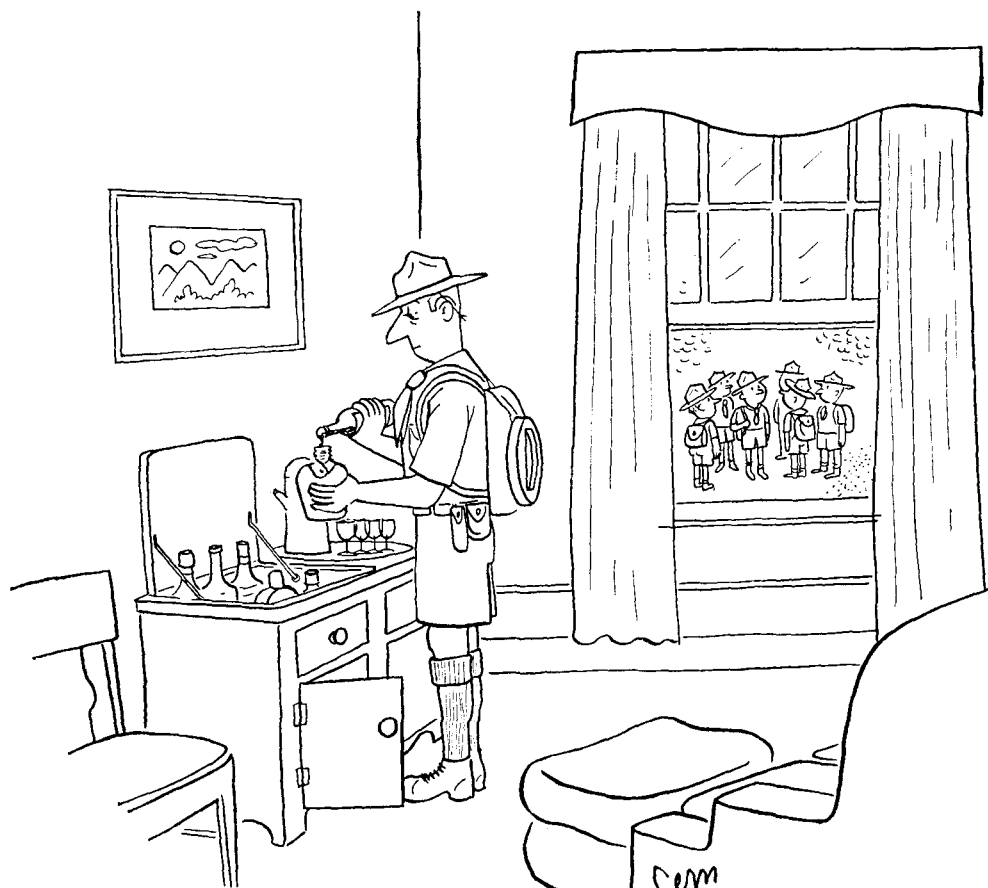
On Sunday, Herbert drove Louise and the children over to Aunt Esther's, and they all spent the day there. That night, after the kids were in bed, Herbert and Louise sat in the kitchen with some beer and pretzels. "That trip was real nice," said Herbert. "You know, this is the first day I've spent away from home, except for working, in almost a year now."

"I had a good time, too," Louise said. "It's like having a family again."

Herbert looked away. It was terrible, a kid like that having no family. "We'll have to do it more often," he said.

GOING out somewhere or other every Sunday became a habit. Sometimes they went to the beach. Louise had nice legs—heavier than Julie's but nice and straight. Sometimes, when she was stretched out on the sand, Herbert would sit watching the breakers, and then he would find himself looking at her legs. These kids, he thought. They grow up so healthy and strong nowadays.

When Herbert gave Louise the house



money one week, she said, "Oh, not so much. I still have four dollars."

"Four dollars!" he said. "Why, you're some manager! You're going to save your husband a lot of money."

She smiled and got pink and felt for her pearls, but she didn't have them on.

One Sunday in August, Herbert came into the kitchen and found Louise washing diapers. "Hey," he said, "this is Sunday."

"Oh, I know," she said, "but I don't like to leave them over."

"Leave them," he said. "I'll do them."

"Oh, no," she said. "They're almost done."

He tried to take them out of her hands, but she pushed her shoulder against him, laughing, keeping him away while she wrung out the diapers with quick, hard turns of the wrists, the way Julie used to do. Suddenly, Herbert seemed to feel the shoulder all through his body, and the smell of her hair. He put down his arms and turned away.

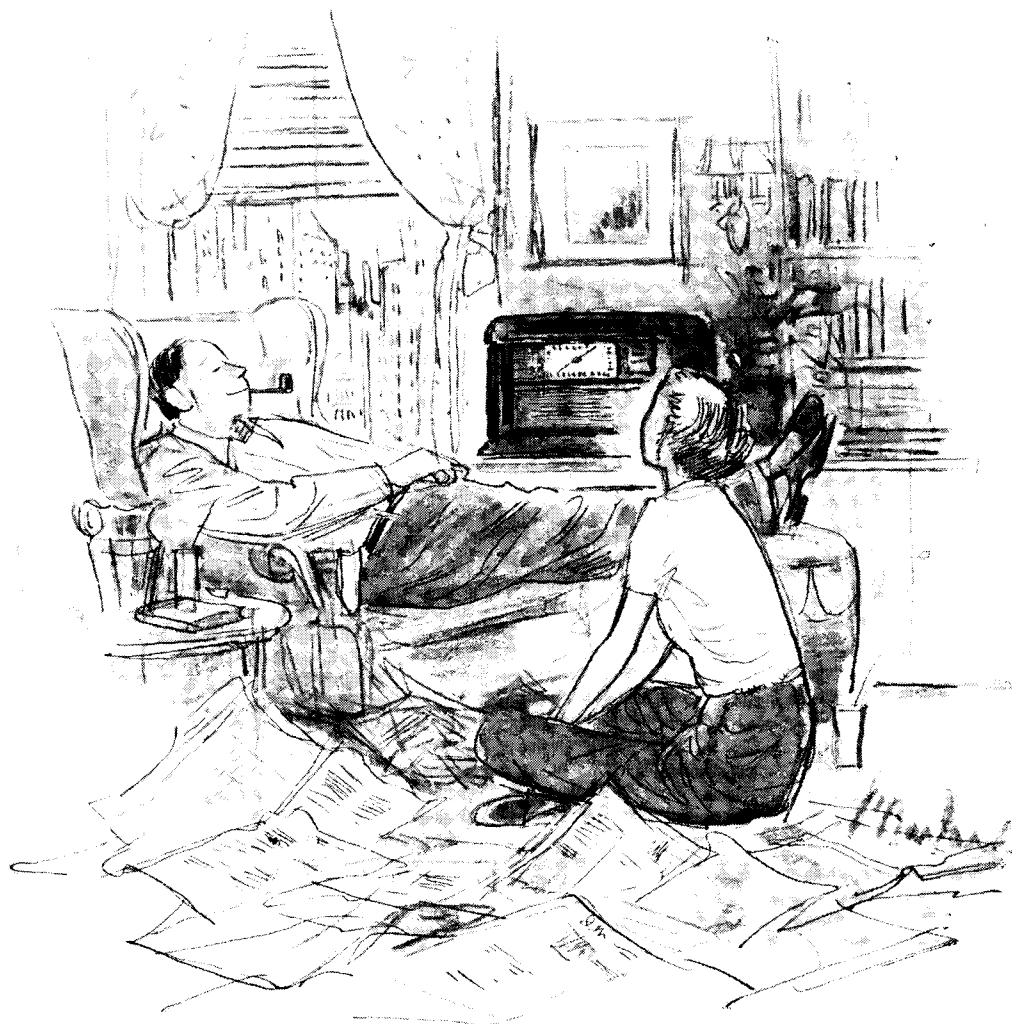
They were planning to go to the beach that afternoon, but when Louise came out of her room in her bathing suit, Herbert said he thought it would be too crowded, so she changed into slacks, and they had a picnic in a clearing in Topanga Canyon. Herbert was absent-minded all day. Twice, he dipped his hard-boiled egg in the sugar.

"What's the matter with you, Herbert?" said Louise, laughing.

"Nothing," he said. He got up and walked over to the other side of the clearing, and stood staring at a eucalyptus tree.

He took them home early and went to bed right after supper, with a magazine. At ten o'clock, he tried to go to sleep, but he couldn't lie still. Finally, he tiptoed into the kitchen and had some milk. On his way back, he passed Louise's door. He could hear her even, heavy breathing. He stood thinking about how she might be lying—on her side with her legs bent, or on her back, with one arm over her head. Then, suddenly, he remembered Mrs. Versaal, and he got frightened. He hurried back to his room and burrowed into his bed, but he still couldn't go to sleep. After a while, he dressed and drove down to the ocean. It was a year since Julie had died. He went along the beachfront, looking at the different bars, but he didn't seem to want to go into any of them. Once or twice when he noticed a woman coming toward him, he crossed the street. Finally, he got into his car again and drove home.

All the next day, he was cranky and



"... moving very slowly on the approaches to the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels, while authorities report tie-up on all Jersey highways leading to the George Washington Bridge. On the Grand Central Parkway, minor accidents have stalled city-bound traffic bumper to bumper for four miles. The jam on the Saw Mill River Parkway is gradually being broken, but motorists who intend to approach the city via this route or the Hutchinson River Parkway are advised ..."

tired, and after work he didn't want to go home. He called Louise to say he would be eating out.

"Oh, that's quite all right," she said.

He ate at the Biltmore Restaurant—two dollars with the tip—and then saw an early movie.

It was his night off, and there was no reason why he shouldn't eat out, but all week he argued with himself about it. Why shouldn't he see a picture on his night off? Why should Louise say, "Oh, that's quite all right"? Why should she say anything? She was so young—a child, always putting something in her mouth, pearls, fingers—and so quiet. He liked a woman with some zip to her. I couldn't love anyone but Julie, he thought. I never did and I never will.

He didn't understand what was hap-

pening to him. He just knew he felt nervous and jumpy and had no appetite. He had a lot on his mind that week. The boarding school wanted to know whether to save a place for Stevie in the fall. If Herbert kept him home and it didn't work out with Mrs. Versaal, then he might not be able to get him back into the school. On the other hand, Herbert thought he really ought to try to save that expense. Between them, Mrs. Versaal and the school cost a hundred and sixty, without counting the food Mrs. Versaal threw into the garbage. On Thursday, Mrs. Versaal called and asked for a ten-dollar raise. Everything was going up, she said; everybody was getting more money.

"I'm not," said Herbert.

She was anxious to come back to

work, though. She said the rest had done her a world of good.

"I'll call you next week," said Herbert.

On Saturday, when he got home for dinner, the white lace cloth was on the table, and there were daisies in the glass bowl, and lighted candles, and at each of the three places was a jellied salad on a glass dish. For a moment, his heart stopped. Julie used to fix the table that way sometimes. Just on special occasions. The lace cloth took a half hour to do up.

Louise was standing in the kitchen door wearing a blue house dress, holding the baby. Suddenly, Herbert knew everything. "Louise, it looks lovely," he said, and his voice came out dry and splintery. "You shouldn't have used the lace cloth. It takes a half hour to do up."

"I don't mind," she said, looking past him. "I like to do up nice things."

"I'm very fond of jellied salad," he said.

"You haven't been eating," she said in a low voice. "I wanted to fix something to tempt you."

She put the baby to bed, and they ate almost in silence. In the candlelight, her hair shone softly. Later, on his way to work at the golf course, Herbert stopped in the drugstore. There were several teen-agers sitting at the fountain, and he arranged with one of the girls to come and watch the kids the next night.

On Sunday afternoon, driving home from Aunt Esther's, he said, "I got a sitter for tonight."

"A sitter?" said Louise. The baby was on her lap, and she lifted a few strands of the baby's hair and put them between her lips.

"I thought we could go for a drive," Herbert said.

"Oh," she said. "Yes. Terrific."

From the corner of his eye, he saw her turn and look out the window. She kept looking out the whole way home. It was strange. He and Julie used to talk all the time when they went out together. They had had such a lot of fun. But, of course, he was older now. And with Julie it was just *wanting* to be together. There were no kids, no house, no...

Suddenly, he felt as if something were squeezing him inside, and he forgot to watch where he was going and nearly ran into another car. It isn't that, he said to himself. It isn't that. It isn't.

NEITHER Herbert nor Louise ate much supper. While Louise was putting Stevie to bed, Herbert

MOUNTAIN AND CLOUDS

Does the hand of God
Sign the accord of cloud?
I see the formal hills
Run with abandoned light,
One out of two worlds made
By the algebra of night.
Does the scene shift by itself,
The green take, shelf by gulf,
Its evening net and spill
All drama on a hill?
Slapdash, a splash of light,
On moored, chromatic dark,
Invites the eyelid's tight
Enclosure to a park
Where everything is green,
Or everything is dark,
Or even the dark is green.

All traffic on a tape
Winds uphill and down.
(I see abandoned hills
Still in a formal light.)
Invention spoils it all:
We cannot leave alone
Contraptions of the Will.
While ruins we create
Clog the mountain gaps,
The cartographer of cloud
Magnificently maps.
The visible reveals
Invisible mystery;
And the hand of God is green,
If it is the hand of God;
If it moves at all, it moves
According to a cloud.

—HOWARD MOSS

finished when she got back. "Oh, don't you do that!" she said.

"They're almost done," he said.

She began wiping, three dishes at a time. "When is she coming?"

"Eight," he said. "But we don't have to leave the minute she gets here."

Louise said, "That's right," but she went on hurrying, and Herbert hurried, too. When the dishes were done, she said, "I'll go change."

"What for?" Herbert asked hollowly. "We're just going for a drive."

"I know," she said. She went to her room. When she came back, she was wearing her good dress and her pearls.

The sitter had come. "Have fun," she said. "Will you be after eleven?"

Herbert looked at Louise, and for the first time he noticed that her eyes were gray. "Oh, I guess it'll be ten, ten-thirty," he said casually.

"Well, don't worry about a thing, Mrs. Warren," said the sitter.

Louise caught her breath.

"Come on," said Herbert.

She nodded and followed him out. He drove very fast, up into the hills. It was a bright, clear night. Louise sat stiffly, with her hands pressed together

in her lap. As the road went higher, the brilliant network of city lights stretched out below. Herbert pulled off the road and parked as near to the slope as he safely could. When he turned off the lights, they could see the white stains of the yucca glowing against the hill. "Are you warm enough?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. She took a deep breath and turned to the window. Herbert's throat was dry and tight.

"The lights are sure pretty," said Louise.

"Yes," Herbert said. There was something wrong with his voice. "Yes," he repeated.

"What's that down there?" she asked, leaning forward. "Is it Wilshire?"

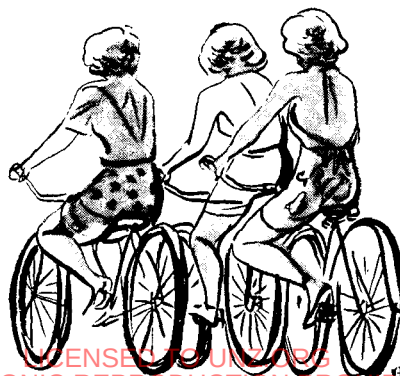
He stared at a long string of lights. "No, I think Wilshire is farther south. I would say that was Sunset."

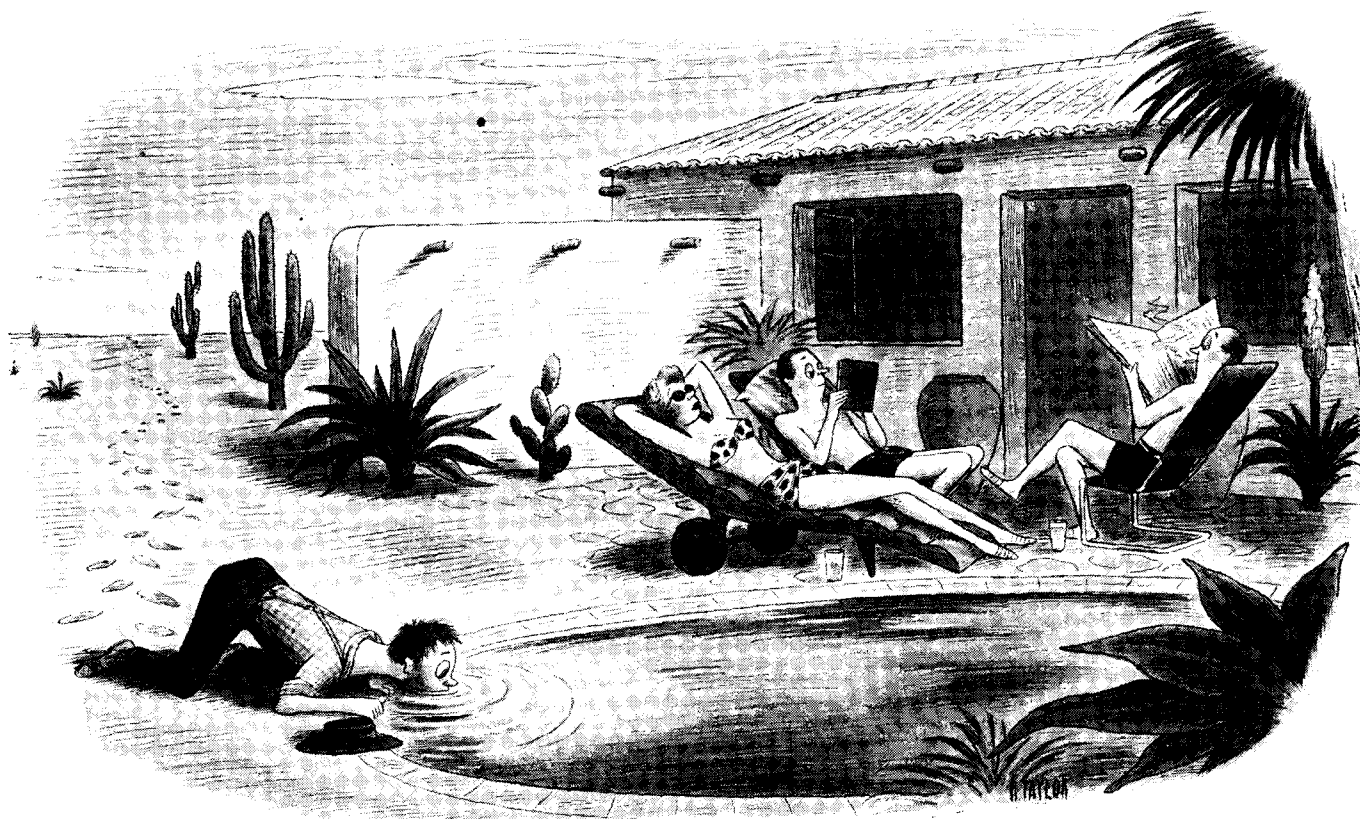
"Then this must be Hollywood Boulevard. This one up here. And then Sunset, and then Santa Monica, and then Melrose, and then Beverly..."

"Yes," he said brusquely.

Louise became quiet immediately. They sat motionless, side by side. The breeze was warm and spicy with the smell of sage and sweet night-blooming plants. Herbert struggled around in the seat, hitting his elbow against the steering wheel, and pulled her toward him and kissed her on the mouth. He had forgotten how soft a woman's mouth was. It had been a long time. He had forgotten the smell of a woman's skin. She pressed against him and his body answered hers, and suddenly he went limp inside. It's all right, he thought. I love her. I do.

Finally, she drew back a little and he let her go. He looked at his watch.





"It's nearly ten," he said. "I told her we'd be back."

"Yes," said Louise. She began to smooth her hair. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth. "Turn on the dashboard light," she said, and she took his handkerchief and went over his face. Then she kissed him again. "Herbert," she said.

He ran his hand over her soft hair. "About your next year's college," he said. "Won't you mind giving that up?"

"No," she said. "Oh, no."

He looked at her for a moment and then started the car and drove home.

The sitter was lying on the couch listening to the radio. She sat up. "Well, Mrs. Warren," she said, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes," said Louise. "Yes, thank you."

HERBERT called Aunt Esther the next day and asked her to come over for the rest of the week. She came right away, and Herbert gave her his bed and slept on the couch. He wrote the boarding school that Stevie wouldn't be back, and he called Mrs. Versaal. "Well, what do you know!" said Mrs. Versaal. "Married! Well, all the best to your bride, Mr. Warren. She's getting a lovely family. I hope she makes out with Stevie."

The wedding was on Saturday morning, at Aunt Esther's. There were just a few relatives there, and the two kids. Aunt Esther was going to keep them during the honeymoon. Louise wore a new tan suit and she looked lovely, everyone said, but Herbert thought she had a strange look. Aunt Esther said all brides did, and he said, "Not Julie." Aunt Esther said, "You were too excited yourself to notice."

Aunt Esther made a lovely breakfast, with creamed chicken and strawberry ice cream. Stevie wanted to know if he would look like Louise, now that she was his new mother. Aunt Esther asked, "Do you want to?" and Stevie said seriously, "I can't make up my mind." Everyone just howled.

When it was time to leave, Herbert kissed the baby and patted Stevie's shoulder and said, "Take care of your sister." Louise tried to kiss Stevie, but things got mixed up, and all that happened was that she got some tears on his forehead.

"Goodbye, Stevie," she said. And he said, "Goodbye, Louise Halibut," but he wasn't trying to be fresh.

Herbert took a wrong turn on the way out of Santa Monica, but he got back on the right road in a few minutes. When he came to a boulevard stop, he leaned over and kissed Louise. "I love

you, Louise," he said. "We're going to be very happy."

"I love you, too," Louise said. "And I'm going to be a good wife for you, Herbert. I'm going to take good care of you and the kids. And," she said, smiling, "you don't even need to pay me any more."

He drew back. "That's a terrible thing to say. How can you say a thing like that?"

The smile left her face and she dropped her eyes.

"Louise," he said. But just then the car behind them began to honk, and Herbert shifted into first and started again. From the corner of his eye, he could see that she had put her hand up to her mouth, with the wedding ring against her lips. "I married you because I love you. Remember that," he said, keeping his eyes on the road. And I did, he thought. I know I did. But for a moment it seemed to him as though he could never know for sure. He swung the car into the center lane and stepped on the gas. "Well, here we go," he said.

—WILMA SHORE

The hero of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was a sixteenth century Mohawk Indian chief, though he appears in the poem as an Algonquin.—*Washington Post*.

Just another impostor

END QUOTE

MY wife was entertaining me the other evening by reading aloud from a rare old cookbook we have around the house. It is a rare book, though not, perhaps, in the usual, or antiquarian, sense of the word. It's a copy of the "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book," 1906 edition, by Fannie Merritt Farmer, and I suppose there must be thousands of similar copies kicking around the kitchens of the nation—similarly coming apart from much handling, and stuffed with recipes clipped from newspapers or jotted down on odd bits of paper—so its resale value is probably low.

That, however, is O.K. with us, for we wouldn't want to sell it. We also possess such other gastronomical treatises as "American Regional Cookery," "Good Maine Food," and "Recipes of All Nations," and they're all, in one way or another, useful. But if you really want the lowdown on everything, from how to boil an egg ("Have ready a saucepan containing boiling water. Carefully put in with a spoon the number of eggs desired, covering them with the water . . .") to the recipes for Tipsy Pudding, Terrapin à la Maryland, or Wiersbick's Salad (tomatoes, green peppers, truffles, and cucumber slices nested in lettuce leaves and served with what sounds like an exceedingly spicy dressing), then the "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" is the one to turn to. Eighty-six separate types of entrée sauces are described, ninety-eight kinds of soup, and thirty-five ways of preparing lobster, and there is, in addition, a chapter on "Household Hints," which covers everything, from the removal of grass stains from cotton goods to the care and preservation of a copper boiler.

The "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" also, my wife and I discovered, never mentions hard-boiled eggs without putting the first two words in quotation marks.

We stumbled on this interesting fact while we were looking up a recipe for aspic jelly, in which hard-boiled—or, as the "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" would put it, "hard-boiled"—eggs do not appear. But the book is of the sort that induces browsing, and from Aspic Jelly itself we

Olives in Aspic, which, in the list of ingredients, calls for a substance known as Green Butter, and there they do appear. "Mix yolk one 'hard-boiled' egg, two tablespoons butter, one sprig parsley," the recipe begins, and the presence of those apparently irrelevant quotation marks started us on a search that led us to Lamb Chops en Papillote ("Finely chop the whites of three 'hard-boiled' eggs . . ."), Purée of Spinach ("Garnish with yolk and white of 'hard-boiled' egg . . ."), Oil Dressing ("Force yolks of [four] 'hard-boiled' eggs through a strainer . . ."), and some dozen others. I haven't gone through the whole book page by page, but on the evidence I've gained it seems clear that at the time of writing her book Miss Farmer regarded the term "hard-boiled"—should I say "'hard-boiled'"?—with a degree of distrust, or refined aversion, that seems fairly incomprehensible now.

IN a way, I urged on the search, because for some years now I have been desultorily accumulating a list of instances where quotation marks have wandered out of their proper usage. Without going too deeply into the grammatical aspects of the subject, the uses of quotation marks are, mainly, two: first, to indicate that exact speech is being cited ("Let me see the book," he said), and, secondly, and a bit paradoxically, as an indication that the writer, whether through disapproval, disagreement, or a fear of the libel laws, wants to dissociate himself at least partly from responsibility for the "quote" statement. Thus, "'Extortionist' Sought," in a newspaper headline, means that someone accused but not yet convicted of extortion is being sought, and "'Progressives' Hold Rally" means that may-

be the crackpots call themselves progressives but this newspaper doesn't think so.

How explain, then, why John Perona, a man who runs a very natty night club on East Fifty-fourth Street, and who presumably knows his own mind, persists in calling the place "El Morocco"? It is not, of course, actually Morocco, but then neither is the Copacabana a summer resort on Lake Titicaca nor the Versailles the location of the palace of King Louis XIV of France. Yet the proprietors of these two places seem to fear no such misunderstandings. Only Mr. Perona shows uncertainty. Both on the marquee, outside, and on the sign above it, the name is enclosed in quotation marks, and this argues, it seems, a certain irresolution on the part of the owner. "Is this the El Morocco?" one can imagine an out-of-town visitor asking, and Mr. Perona looks furtive and hesitates.

"Well, now, if you put it that way . . . Well, yes and no," he finally replies.

Perhaps he uses the quotation marks merely for decoration, with the feeling that the inverted commas, with their curlicued look, give a fillip of elegance to the lettering. If so, he has company. It used to be the custom for the super-refined to show their superiority to "slang" by pointing up a colloquialism with quotes. In a way, it was a dainty gesture, as if a napkin had been touched fastidiously to the lips to cleanse them of the "unorthodox" word, and by an odd but familiar process of association this assumption of elegance, in some minds, has been gradually transferred to the quotation marks themselves, no matter where they are used.

Sometimes this leads to odd results. "'Home' Cooking," a sign in a Third Avenue bakery-restaurant window says—thus neatly cutting the ground

away from under the very claim that the proprietors are making—and I still remember a sign that I saw on the lawn of a farmhouse on the highway just above Kingston, saying "'Tourists' Accommodated," as I was driving up that way last summer. It was a comfortable-looking house, set well back from the road, with a number of shade trees around it, and I'm sure the quotation marks were





"Damn it, Harlow, aren't you ever going to stop saying, 'Why didn't I think of that'?"

added only in a delicate attempt to mitigate the sordidness of providing wayfarers with rooms for hire. But what they succeeded in doing, of course, was to cast a faintly disreputable air over such a transaction. One wondered what sort of "tourists," so-called, the place catered to.

So a market in Bayside, Long Island, advertises, a bit ill-advisedly, "Imported' Cheeses," and a sign on an alleyway next to the Old Town Bar and Restaurant, on East Eighteenth Street, reads, surprisingly, "All Persons Are 'Prohibited' From Using This Driveway"—an admonition that presents an odd mixture of vehemence and timidity, for the "Prohibited" is printed in belligerently large red let-

ters, while the " " reduce their effect to a whisper.

I GUESS that's about all I have to report on quotation marks at the moment, though I still wonder about Miss Farmer and her tentative handling of eggs. One possible explanation has occurred to me. "Hard-boiled," as a term in cooking, has been in use for a long time, of course, but it only cropped up as slang, in the sense of unfeeling or callous, around the end of the nineteenth century. So it was fairly new in that usage at the time when she was writing, and it may be that she felt the term had been so soiled and degraded by its vulgar associations that even when it was correctly employed, it still had to

be caged away from the rest of the sentence, as something suspect and, possibly, contaminated.

If so, this represents something really extreme in the way of refinement, and if it were followed through, it would require that such words as "corn," "gravy," "ham," "hash," "cheesecake," "Bologna," and "lamb pie" be similarly enlaced in quotes, while such locutions as "Achilles and his famous 'heel' " and "The Assyrian came down like a 'wolf' on the fold" would be common. But then Miss Farmer was a Boston lady, and her cookbook was addressed primarily to the daughters of Back Bay families. In such circumstances, one just couldn't be too careful.

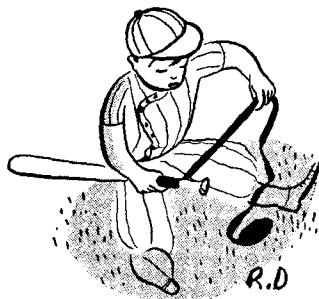
ANNALS OF CRIME

IN the late summer of 1938, an elderly widower named Edward Mueller found that he was in need of money for the support of his dog and himself. He was a man of simple tastes, and the dog was an undemanding mongrel terrier. Mr. Mueller had for many years been a superintendent in apartment buildings on the upper East Side. Living in the basements of these buildings, he and his wife had raised two children, a boy and a girl. By the time Mrs. Mueller died, in 1937, the children had grown up and gone off to homes of their own. The son had a job and was doing well; the daughter had married. After the death of his wife, Mueller moved out of the basement that had been their last home together and rented a small, sunny flat on the top floor of a brownstone tenement near Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street. He and the dog took possession of it in the spring of 1938. Feeling that he was too old to be a superintendent any longer, Mueller tried for a while to make a living as a junkman. He was sixty-three at that time and was gentle, sweet-tempered, and strongly independent. Only five feet three inches tall, he had a lean, hard-muscled frame, a healthy pink face, bright-blue eyes, a shiny bald dome, a fringe of snowy hair over his ears, a wispy white mustache, and hardly any teeth. He bought a pushcart second-hand and, accompanied by the dog, roamed the neighborhood when the weather was good, picking up junk in vacant lots and along the river front under the West Side Highway. He went about his work in a leisurely manner and always looked happy. Sometimes he stopped to talk to strangers who wanted to talk, and at other times he carried on fragmentary, one-sided conversations with the dog that trotted at his heels. He was able to sell some of the odds and ends he picked up to wholesale junk dealers, but before many months had gone by, he began to realize that he wasn't making enough to live on, and that if he didn't do better his savings would soon be gone and he would be destitute.

When his son and daughter visited him, and when he went to see them, Mueller said that he was getting along all right and didn't need a thing. For a

OLD EIGHT EIGHTY-II

on himself, and he had the flinty pride of an elderly man who had worked hard since he was a boy of thirteen and had never asked help from anybody. The life he had lived had been a respectable and law-abiding one. Everybody who had ever known Mueller would have said that he was probably the last man in the world to try to make money dishonestly. That was exactly what Mueller did, however. In November, 1938, he became a counterfeiter of one-dollar bills. He continued to look happy and kept on living on a modest scale in the sunny, top-floor flat, cooking his own meals, doing his own laundry, walking his own dog, and making his own money. When he needed cash, he stepped into his kitchen and turned some out on a small, hand-driven printing press he had set up in a corner next to the sink. Then, with his pushcart and his dog, he would go out into the streets, pick up his odds and ends of junk, and pass one or two of his counterfeit bills. For ten years, he passed them at the rate of forty or fifty a month, dividing them equitably among the storekeepers of his own neighborhood and storekeepers in other neighborhoods around New York. During that period, the United States Secret Service conducted a man hunt for Mueller that exceeded in intensity and scope any other man hunt in the chronicles of counterfeiting. The Secret Service called him Eight Eighty, and then Old Eight Eighty, after the number of the file kept on him at Secret Service Headquarters, in Washington, for in those years they knew him only by the bills he passed.



over the basements in which he and his family had lived. He had done his work efficiently, with good-natured gravity, and had given the impression of being a thoughtful and occasionally a dryly humorous man. One time, a lady tenant asked him to see if he could fix her child's electric train, the toy having stalled late on Christmas Eve. He looked it over, went down to his basement home and got some tools, and came

back upstairs. Sitting on the floor near the Christmas tree in the tenant's living room, he silently went to work on the train. "Hate to bother you with such a silly thing," the tenant remarked. Mueller looked up at her, grinned, and asked gently, "If it is a silly thing, why did you buy it?" The tenant could think of no answer to that, and she stood there while Mueller went on working. After a moment, he looked up, grinned at her again, and said, "If it is out of order, it should be fixed." He fussed with the toy for a few minutes more and then turned on the current. The train ran around the track satisfactorily. The tenant thanked him and tipped him five dollars. She never forgot the incident. Speaking of it recently, after more than twenty years, she said, "He made you feel that he was thinking serious thoughts all the time and that he was dignified, while you yourself were empty-headed and frivolous, but he was an awfully good superintendent."

Until the summer of 1938, Mueller seems to have made only two noteworthy attempts to become anything more than a good superintendent. In June, 1905, when he was a young man, he sent blueprints for a new kind of camera to the Eastman Kodak Company and received a letter informing him that the company didn't think his invention was commercially practicable but complimenting him on its "extraordinary ingeniousness." Mueller kept the letter and showed it, with diffident satisfaction, to friends and acquaintances. He still had it when he moved into the top-floor flat in 1938. It was frayed and yellowed with age, and he would hold it carefully when he showed it to his new neighbors.

Mueller told these neighbors that he had also invented, when he was a middle-aged man, a Venetian blind that would roll up and down like a window shade. "You didn't have to pull a string this way and that way to make her go up and stay up," he would say. "You'd just give her a twitch, like you do a window shade, and she'd go up and stay up. Or you'd just pull her down, and she'd stay down. It was simple, my Venetian blind." When the neighbors asked him why he hadn't made a fortune out of it, he would explain that the people who manufactured Venetian blinds thought that his wouldn't be profitable. "They told me it was simple and clever, mind you," he would say. "One young fellow who ran a factory over

in Jersey nailed her onto the wall of his office when I went to see him, and then he kept pulling her up and down and saying, 'I'll be darned!,' but he thought it would cost too much to manufacture it. I remember exactly what he looked like, rolling my Venetian blind up and down, there in his office. He was a fat young fellow and he had on a blue suit and a white shirt. That shirt had a soft collar on it, and the collar had little buttons on it that held the corners of the collar onto the shirt."

Mueller usually interspersed such talk with short silences, during which he grinned at his listeners, as he had grinned at the lady tenant on the Christmas Eve twenty years earlier. Because he had lost most of his teeth by 1938, his grin was striking. "Mr. Mueller had a toothless grin if I ever saw a toothless grin," one of his neighbors remarked recently. "When he grinned, he looked kind of foolish, but when he wasn't grinning, he looked nice, and he looked smart." Another thing that impressed people who knew Mueller at that time was the fact that his mongrel terrier had no name. He was plainly devoted to the dog, and they used to ask him why he didn't name it. The explanation he gave contains another hint of the peculiar mold of his character. He said the dog didn't need a name. He would grin and ask mildly, "What good would a name do the dog? When I talk to him, he knows I'm talking to *him*, don't he? And I know who *he* is without calling him by some made-up name, don't I?" Mueller was delighted when people admitted that although his point of view was unusual, there was certainly some sense in it. When Mueller came to the conclusion that his junk business was a failure and that he needed an additional income, the solution he devised for his economic problem was out of the ordinary for a man of his age, disposition, and background, but the way he conducted himself as a counterfeiter was perhaps characteristic of him as an individual. Although he became in a sense the most successful American counterfeiter of modern times, he put on no airs and he made no change in his standard of



"Sa cantare 'Barcarolle'?"

living. His son and his daughter, as well as his neighbors, were unaware of what he was up to. The first counterfeit bill he passed on his fellow-citizens, in 1938, was a very bad copy of a one-dollar bill. When his career as a counterfeiter came to an end, in 1948, he was still turning out the same crude dollar bills from the same kind of inferior plates, on the same hand-driven printing press in the same corner of the same kitchen of the same top-floor tenement flat, and he never turned out more counterfeit dollars than he needed to support his dog and himself.

THE Secret Service search for Mueller commenced in a modest manner that was in keeping with the denomination of his counterfeits. Within a month, forty more of his dollar bills had turned up. Most of them were detected by New York banks, and in some cases the banks were able to identify the depositors. They were painstakingly investigated by Secret Service men. None of them seemed to be counterfeiters, and none of them remembered who had given them the bills. A map of the metropolitan area was put up on a wall of the New York office of the Secret Service especially for Old Eight Eighty, and every time one of

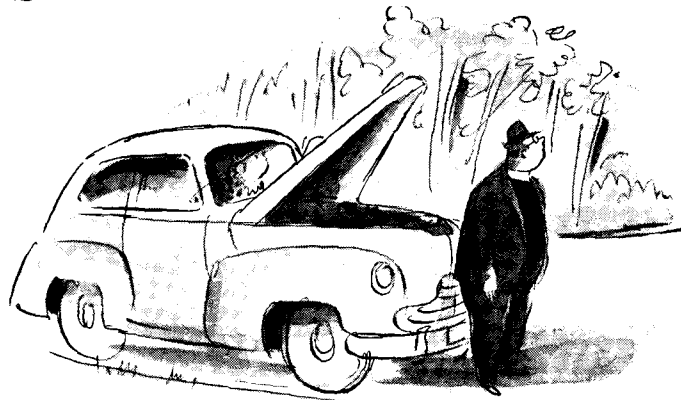
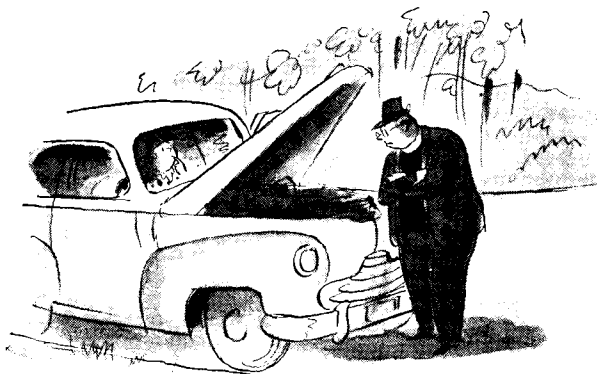
the bills was traced back to a storekeeper or whoever else had presumably received it direct from the counterfeiter, a red thumbtack was stuck into the map to show the location. After a time, the red thumbtacks indicated that most of the bills had been passed on the upper West Side of Manhattan—a section of approximately five square miles, with a population of almost a million.

A duplicate of File No. 880, which had been established at Secret Service Headquarters, was set up in the New York office as a matter of course. The initial entry in this file, which was to become one of the bulkiest in the archives of the Secret Service, was a routine memorandum sent out from Washington to Secret Service offices all over the country after Old Eight Eighty's first counterfeit bill had been examined at the Secret Service laboratory. This memorandum, which was witheringly critical of Old Eight Eighty's craftsmanship, read as follows:

CIR. #880
12-1-38

This opens your file on this new counterfeit.

New York reports the appearance November 19th of new counterfeit \$1 Silver Certificate, 1935 Series; check letter "K"; face plate No. 1371; back plate No. 601; serial No. K7002556A.



Julian, Treasurer of the United States; Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury; portrait of Washington.

This counterfeit is printed on one sheet of cheap quality bond paper from crude photo-etched plates. The portrait is poorly executed against a black background which fails to show any line work. The left eye is represented by a black spot. A heavy line forms the lower lid of the right eye, which is almond-shaped. Washington's right shoulder blends with the oval background and is devoid of any shading. Faulty etching gives a soiled appearance to the lower part of Washington's shirt front. Reproduction of small lettering, particularly the titles, is ineffective, some of the letters being illegible. In the word "Washington," under the portrait, the letters are misshaped and otherwise crudely outlined.

The seal and serial numbers are printed in dull indigo. The design and text of the seal are poorly etched. The figures comprising the serial number are thicker than the genuine and printed more heavily. The highest serial number, printed to date, on genuine notes of this series and denomination is \$92,144,000A. The highest face plate number on genuine \$1 notes to date is 975, which is 396 less than the face plate number on the counterfeit. The back of this counterfeit, printed in dark green, is of better workmanship than the front. In some places, the vignette has been re-touched by hand to obtain depth for weak spots in the design. This is particularly true of the large word "ONE" in the center.

-(signed) FRANK J. WILSON
Chief, Secret Service

The New York office was headed by James J. Maloney, whose title was supervising agent. At the end of five years of the search for Old Eight Eighty, Mr. Maloney went to Washington as assistant chief of the Secret Service and he became chief in 1947 (before Old Eight Eighty was caught) and chief coördinator of the Treasury Department in 1948 (after Old Eight Eighty was caught). Toward the end of 1939, when the search for Old Eight Eighty had been going on for a year, Mr. Maloney noticed, with a slight sense of irritation, that Old Eight

Eighty's craftsmanship was growing even worse. On the latest bills that were turning up on Mr. Maloney's desk, the word "Washington" under the portrait of the first President was spelled "Wahsington." The counterfeiter had evidently been dissatisfied with the lettering on the bills and in trying to improve it had transposed two of the letters. This made the bills look more implausible than ever, and Mr. Maloney and his agents began to feel more foolish than ever. They regarded this glaring flaw in Old Eight Eighty's bills as one of the most exasperating angles of the case. Secret Service men sometimes grow interested and even excited when they match their wits with those of a clever counterfeiter. The hint of the careless, heavy-handed, flubdubbing personality they received every time they saw one of those "Wahsington" bills made their inability to get anywhere with the search for him almost unbearably provoking.

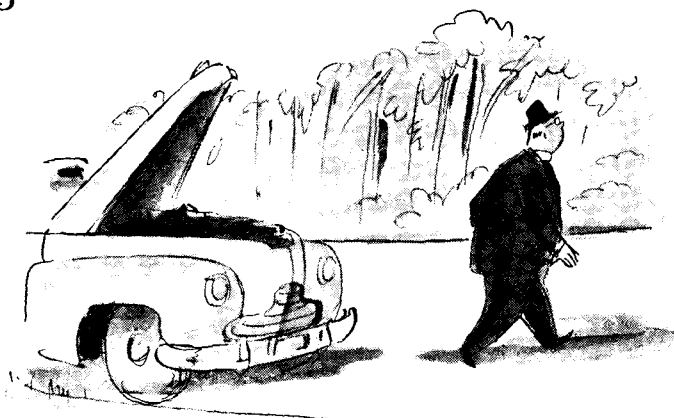
The more Mr. Maloney and his staff of agents in New York thought about Old Eight Eighty, the more outlandish his character seemed. At the end of the first year, the man had passed only five hundred and eighty-five of his bills, which meant that he was earning less than two dollars a day as a counterfeiter. They had never before heard of such a counterfeiter. Early in the search for him, they had given up the hope that he was a mass-production man, with underworld connections, who might try to make a killing by passing a good-sized wad of his stuff all at once. When Old Eight Eighty's bills began to appear, the agents had called in a number of reformed counterfeiters and had them look at the new bills. These experts just laughed at the idea that any experienced member of their profession would try to get by with such a botched bunch of the queer. This confirmed the opinion of the Secret

Service men that Old Eight Eighty was an odd character—a crank or crackpot who was doing what he was doing as a sort of screwy hobby, or perhaps only to annoy the Secret Service.

The red thumbtacks in Eight Eighty's map at the Secret Service office continued to indicate that the counterfeiter was passing most of his bills on the upper West Side of Manhattan. The bills turned up in all sorts of other places, though. Some of the horrible "Wahsington" bills were being carelessly accepted by banks and passed along to other banks. The Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond spotted one and was able to determine from its records that a bank in Baltimore had sent it south with a batch of good bills. The Baltimore bank didn't know who had passed the bill on it, and its deposits for that year accordingly sagged in the amount of one dollar. The same thing was happening to other banks. Scores of individuals, as well, had that year casually accepted Old Eight Eighty's bills and gaily passed them along to other individuals without looking at them, and as a result some of the bills were turning up at banks as far away as Atlanta and Denver. One caught the eye of a careful teller in Seattle. The Secret Service dismissed the thought that Old Eight Eighty was travelling around the country passing these bills himself. They didn't see how he could afford to do that on his profits.

As a student of counterfeiting, Mr. Maloney was aware of the truism that the interest of the average man in the look and feel of a piece of currency increases in direct ratio to the size of the bill he happens to be looking at or feeling. Even people who know nothing about how to detect counterfeit money usually look twice at a hundred-dollar bill and perhaps rub it between thumb and fingers before accepting it in return for something

3



4



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6



they know is worth a hundred dollars. Anybody who encounters a thousand-dollar bill looks at it longer and feels it more carefully. Bank clerks and other professional handlers of money are rarely fooled by bad bills, but the smaller a bill is, the more likely they are to fail to look at and feel it. Thousands of circulars describing Old Eight Eighty's bills were sent out to banks by the Secret Service during the first year of the search for him. Banks soon stopped accepting them, but individuals kept on taking them and stuffing them in their pockets or pocket-books without a glance. Toward the end of 1943, when five years had gone by, Mr. Maloney's office had collected twenty-eight hundred and forty of Old Eight Eighty's dollar bills. This averaged out to less than two a day. The red thumbtacks on Old Eight Eighty's map were by now spread all over New York and its environs. Some of his bills had been passed in Brooklyn,

in Jersey City, in Queens, on Staten Island, and in the Bronx, as well as on the upper West Side and in other areas of Manhattan. An inspection of the map indicated that there was a vague suggestion of a concentration of thumbtacks in one particular section of the upper West Side, the center of which was Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street. Those of Mr. Maloney's agents who went to that neighborhood to investigate storekeepers and others who they thought had received the bills direct from the counterfeiter were instructed to visit other storekeepers in the neighborhood and give them circulars describing Old Eight Eighty's bills and a course of instruction in how to tell them from genuine bills. Several thousand storekeepers in the section had been visited by Secret Service men by the end of the fifth year of the search. As a consequence of this extensive trap-setting, about a dozen New Yorkers were caught in the act as they passed Old

Eight Eighty's bills, but they all successfully established their innocence.

THE dismal task of looking for Old Eight Eighty did not, of course, exclusively occupy the New York Secret Service men during those first five years, but Mr. Maloney remembers that he used to find himself thinking about Old Eight Eighty at all sorts of odd moments, and especially when he was trying to relax. Under his direction, several big professional counterfeiting rings in New York and New Jersey were broken up, a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars in counterfeit money was seized before it got into circulation, and scores of counterfeiters and passers were arrested and convicted. Before Mr. Maloney went to Washington, in November, 1943, he proved that he and his men could catch even a counterfeiter of fifty-cent pieces, provided such a counterfeiter exhibited a touch of human weakness. To the

Eight Eighty had tried to make just a small killing—passing, say, five hundred of his bills in one New York neighborhood in a week instead of ranging all over the upper West Side, with numerous excursions to other regions, and passing only one or two a day—Secret Service men think he would have been nabbed with ease. At the time of Old Eight Eighty's ascendancy, some fairly good-looking pewter fifty-cent pieces were beginning to appear around the country, and everything about them—the craftsmanship and the accepted method of passing a batch of them in one place in a hurry—indicated a professional ring. One of the makers and passers of these half dollars drove from New York to New Rochelle one day and began going down the main business street buying cheap cigars, shoelaces, and other inexpensive bits of merchandise, unloading his phony half dollars as fast as he could. Somebody detected one and called the Secret Service in New York. The Secret Service called the New Rochelle police. The man was arrested before he got out of New Rochelle. He had fifty-six of the pewter half dollars in his pockets and a thousand more in his car.

This comparatively easygoing counterfeiter was named Edward John Wellman. The Secret Service discovered a lot about him. He was indicted, was released on a twenty-five-hundred-dollar bail, and was shadowed for weeks. Like most professional counterfeiters, he never went anywhere directly. His method of getting somewhere was to cross a street, walk through an apartment house to the back yard, climb a fence, take a subway local, change to an express, ride uptown, ride back downtown, take a taxi to Central Park, walk rapidly through the zoo, row a boat across the lake, ditch it on the other side, take another taxi, duck through another apartment house, and then go to his destination. The Secret Service men stuck with him most of the time and picked him up again

whenever they lost him. They hoped that he would lead them to other members of the gang Mr. Maloney was convinced he was a member of. When the day set for his trial came around in August, 1941, it turned out that he had skipped bail and vanished.

Mr. Maloney and his men knew by this time that Mr. Wellman lived a carefree life. Whenever he had money, he went to the horse races, and when he was broke, he went ice skating. He was a personable middle-aged man, an Estonian by birth, an unlucky horseplayer, and an accomplished ice skater. When he began to glide and pirouette, other skaters would slow up, or stop altogether, to watch him. He was known at all the ice-skating places in and around New York. He picked up pocket money at some of them from time to time as a skating instructor. He was jolly with the children and had a courtly manner with the ladies. Descriptions and photographs of him were sent by the Secret Service to all race tracks and all skating rinks, and a little over three months after he skipped bail he was arrested at the Tropical Park race track, in Florida. He had been

passing pewter fifty-cent pieces all over Miami and vicinity and betting on the races with his profits. In his car, the Secret Service found seven hundred and eighty-nine phony half dollars, thirty-five pounds of pewter, a bottle of silver chloride, a can of sodium cyanide of potassium, some silver that he used for plating the coins, and the other paraphernalia he required to turn out finished fifty-cent pieces. He could make them without even getting out of his car, a 1941 Buick.

Mr. Wellman was put in jail in Coral Gables to await extradition to New York, but he soon unlocked his cell door with the mainspring of an alarm clock he had brought in with him and was on the loose again. A month later, he was recognized by a New York Secret Service man at the Flushing Meadow Park Skating Rink, where he was dazzling everybody with a whizzing glide to the center of the ice that ended in a triumphant pirouette. As he came out of the pirouette, he was arrested and taken down to Mr. Maloney's office. He realized that he was in for it this time, and he talked freely. The ice-skating counterfeiter was a member of a ring, as Mr. Maloney had thought all along. Three other Estonians, all expert in the use of portable pewter-half-dollar sets, were arrested within a week. Along with Mr. Wellman, they were sent to a federal penitentiary.

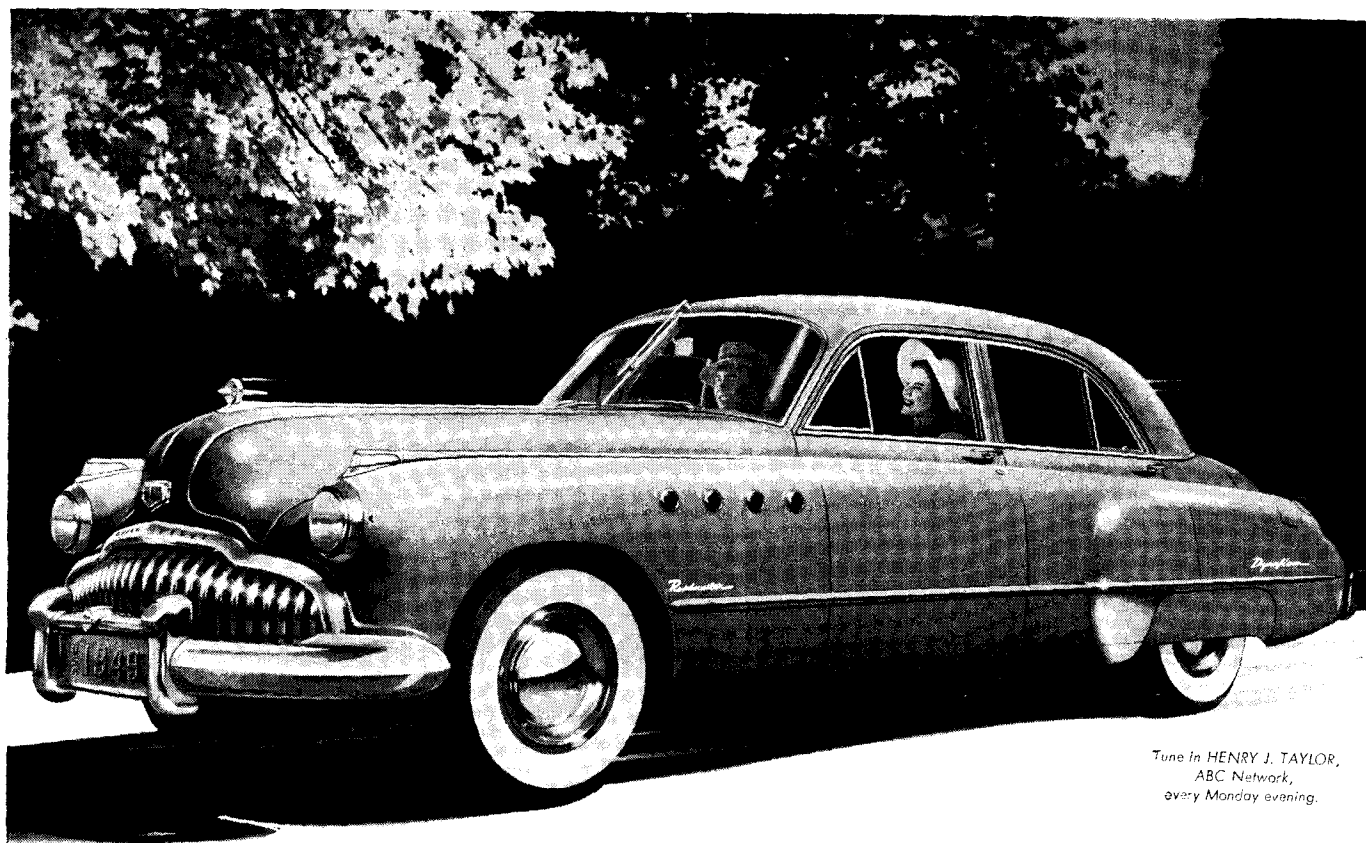
When the Wellman case was finished, Mr. Maloney and the Secret Service agents of the New York office felt rather elated for a few days. Then another measly batch of Old Eight Eighty's "Washington" bills was laid on Mr. Maloney's desk. He knew by then that he was going to the city he had begun to think of as Wahsington, as assistant chief, and he had a talk with John J. McGrath, who was to succeed him here. Mr. McGrath outlined some ideas for stepping up the search for Old Eight Eighty. Mr. Maloney promised to help him get all the



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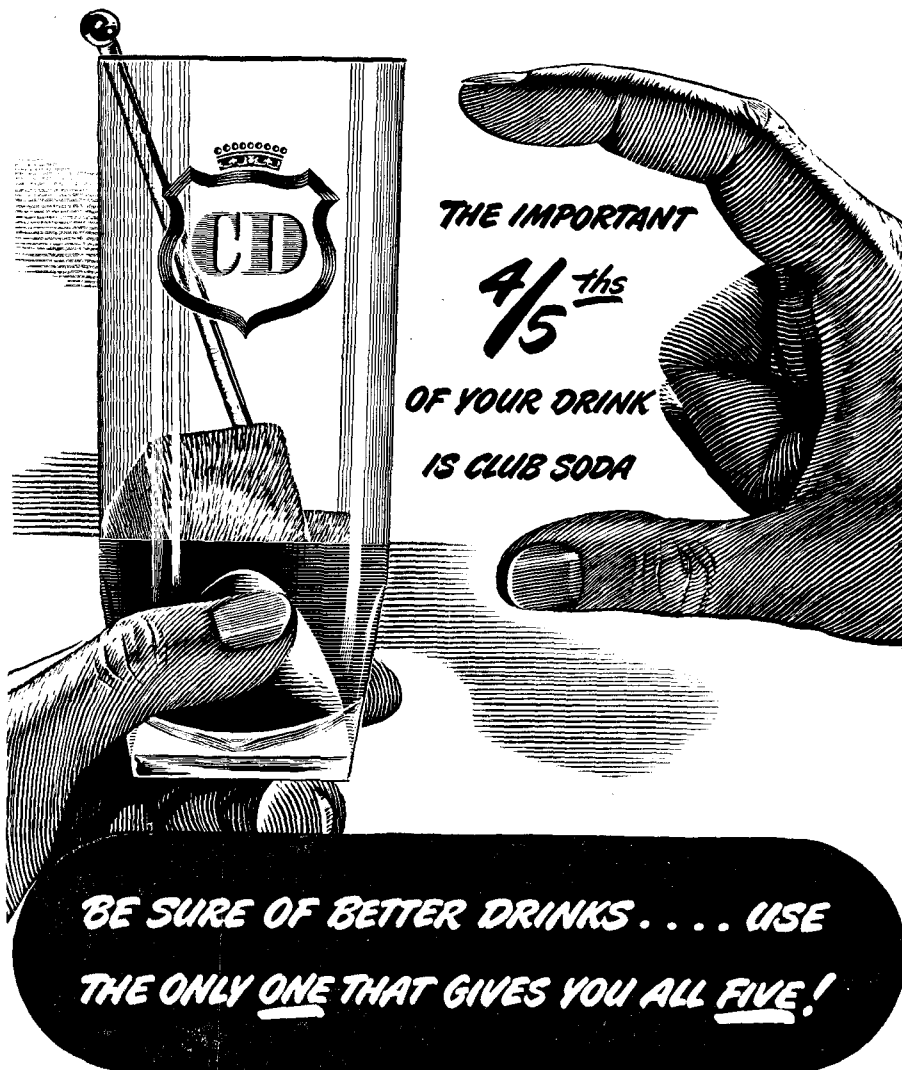
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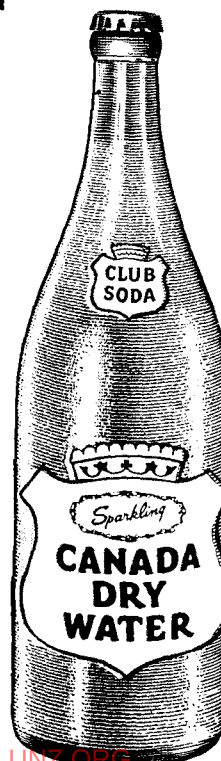
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backing he needed from headquarters. Mr. McGrath did intensify the search to a remarkable degree, but by the time the Secret Service caught up with Old Eight Eighty, Mr. McGrath had himself become assistant chief in Washington and Mr. Maloney was the chief. When the teletyped word came from New York that Old Eight Eighty had at last been arrested, his plates seized, and his kitchen printing press dismantled, Mr. Maloney sent a teletype message back to New York that, for a Secret Service man, was somewhat emotional. "These developments please me very much," it said.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

Dear Miss Glendining:

We're having a party for eight couples this week end. Can you tell us some good games to play?

J. G., W. Englewood, N. J.

Here's a good one that's going the rounds these days. It's hilarious and may result in blistered fingers, but it's fun. Called "Push, Pull, Click, Click." Seat everyone in a circle on the floor. Number them one to whatever number you have playing. Number one is leader. He starts off and everyone follows suit, slapping knees, clapping hands, snapping fingers of right hand, then left. All in rhythm. As he snaps fingers of right hand he calls his own number.

As he snaps his left, he calls someone's else number. They go through the same routine, always keeping time. Anyone who breaks the rhythm drops out. Idea is to confuse and eliminate the leaders which you can do sometimes by looking straight at number three, for instance, and calling out five! Everyone gets tense, nervous and high strung. It's a riot, but good! We'll have to send other game suggestions through the mail.—Marion Glendining's Teen Talk column in the World-Telegram.

Might be better, at that.

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT
(AMERICA COMES OF AGE DIVISION)

[Letter accompanying a booklet sent out by a London hatter]

As the booklet describes, the custom of Lock's has for over two hundred years been confined to an exclusive clientele, mostly in this country. Until now, it has never even been contemplated that we should extend this circle. Indeed, we believe here that my grandfather and his forbears, who founded the firm, would have been scandalized by the very suggestion of such a step.

During a recent visit to the United States, however, I formed the conclusion that there are many American gentlemen whom we should be proud and happy to serve.

THE RACE TRACK

Gala Week



THERE was something especially gratifying about the racing that ended at Saratoga last week. For ever so long, the Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap, the Hopeful Stakes, and the Saratoga Cup were run on the final Saturday. The last couple of years, the jumping race has been run on Friday, and this season, the management scattered its largess even further, shifting the Cup to Thursday and livening up what might otherwise have been just another dull, fag-end-of-the-meeting afternoon.

WHATEVER else may be said of Middleground, the King Ranch runner who won the Hopeful by half a dozen lengths last Saturday, he cannot be called a slow coach. In his first start at Saratoga, about a month ago, Middleground, a plain-looking chestnut colt by Bold Venture, ran five and a half furlongs in 1:04½, and in his second, early last week, he did six furlongs in 1:10½, which made the clockers and the speed-chart boys blink. However, his time wasn't particularly fast in the Hopeful. He merely followed Guillo-tine as far as the stretch, and then he took over with little effort. Middle-ground developed ankle trouble recently, and his owners decided that after the Hopeful he was to have a long holiday, so he won't run again this year. Navy Chief was second in the Hopeful, and Mr. Trouble, whom you'd do well to keep in mind for the longer races to come, was third.

IT would be my guess that Sun Bath won the Saratoga Steeplechase by the widest margin of the meeting. The charts fixed it at forty lengths, which probably was not too generous an estimate. Sun Bath, by the way, was ridden by Frank Dooley Adams, who would have been the boy to follow at Saratoga if one were silly enough to bet on jockeys in jumping races. On the record, Adams accepted twelve mounts at the meeting and won on six of them—very good going indeed.

ANYBODY who remembered that Doubtless II was one of the top horses in South America two years ago must not have been particularly surprised when he led all the way in the Saratoga Cup. No one could have been blamed, however, for thinking it was

about time, because he hadn't won since the Greentree Stable imported him, early last season. The most discussed performance in the Cup was that of Shackleton, who finished second. It seems that he is too broad-beamed for the stalls of the starting gate, and rubbing against the rough, canvas-covered sides puts him in a temper. He kicked up a lively to-do in the contraption at Belmont in the spring, and another at Jamaica in July. (That second time, he bit the arm of an assistant starter and got himself left at the post.) He had still another tantrum before the Cup and nipped an assistant starter's leg. Thereupon it was decided, possibly because he was the favorite, to start him outside the gate. He was still in such a snit that during the early part of the race he leaned over and bit the nose of an animal named Young Peter, who happened to be running beside him. I haven't heard of such carryings on in years; the last time was the celebrated case of Take My Tip, who savaged Biribi just before the finish of the Grand Prix de Paris in 1926. Colonel Martingale has been wondering if Shackleton won't climb right up into the starter's stand one of these days and bite George Cassidy, the starter. Cassidy designed the stall gate, you know.

LISTENING to the broadcast from Chicago of the American Derby, I got the impression that almost everything went off exactly to Ponder's liking. Even when he was blocked and boxed in on the turn into the stretch, I thought that maybe he wanted to make it the hard way, and I would have laid odds that he'd get out of that fix. As you may have heard, he did, and he won by a couple of lengths. It was the fourth American Derby for a Calumet Farm racer, and the purse of \$66,150 increased Ponder's earnings this season to \$267,525. After Coaltown runs in the Washington Handicap, on Labor Day, the stable will move to Belmont Park. Want a tip?

—AUDAX MINOR

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Adv. in the Times]

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Elizabeth Arden

A REPORTER IN FRANCE

THE FINEST BUTTER AND LOTS OF TIME

WHEN I went to France this summer, after an absence of more than a year, I was pleased to find that, for the first time since the end of the war, my Parisian friends had stopped griping about the black market and rationing and were again discussing, passionately and at great length, the heady mysteries of *la grande cuisine*, which, next to women, has always been their favorite topic of conversation in times of content. Once more, with the air of brokers divulging something hot in the market, they were confiding to each other the addresses of good restaurants.

The finest restaurant in France, and perhaps anywhere, it was agreed by my always well-informed friends, is not in Paris. If I wanted to have the epicurean experience of my life, they assured me, I would have to go to Vienne, a town of twenty-three thousand inhabitants in the Department of Isère, seventeen miles south of Lyon, at the confluence of the Rhône and Gère rivers. There I would find the Restaurant de la Pyramide and its proprietor, the great, the formidable, the one and only M. Point.

"Ah, Fernand Point!" said one of my French friends with a deep sigh. "The greatest epicures in France and Navarre sing his praises. His *gratin d'écrevisses* reaches perfection. The yearbook of the Club des Sans-Club awards him the mark of Excellent—it's

highest. I once had a *volaille en vessie* there that..."

"Point's hors d'oeuvres alone are worth a trip from New York," someone else said. "He calls them hors d'oeuvres but they are a meal in themselves—and what a meal! There is a *pâté*..."

"Last year at Point's I had the best lunch I've had since Escoffier left the Ritz," a third gourmet friend told me. This friend is a man of seventy-four years and three hundred and twenty pounds, and he has spent most of the former in increasing the latter with good food. "In short, you *must* go to Point's restaurant."

I objected mildly that I wasn't much interested in the show places of *la grande cuisine*. Since the disappearance of the black market, France's restaurants have returned to their prewar standard, which is, by and large, the best in the world. I could see no reason, I said, for patronizing fancy establishments when there is such an astonishing number of small restaurants all over the country where one can get a delicious omelet, a succulent veal stew, a fine cheese, and a bottle of honest *vin du pays* for less than six hundred francs, or something under two dollars.

"Ah, but Point's restaurant is not a show place," my old friend said. "It is a temple for gastronomes who know that *la grande cuisine* must be well orchestrated, that it must be surrounded

by careful details, ranging from the temperature of the dining room to that of the wines, from the thinness of the pastry shells to that of the glasses, from the color of the fruits to that of—"

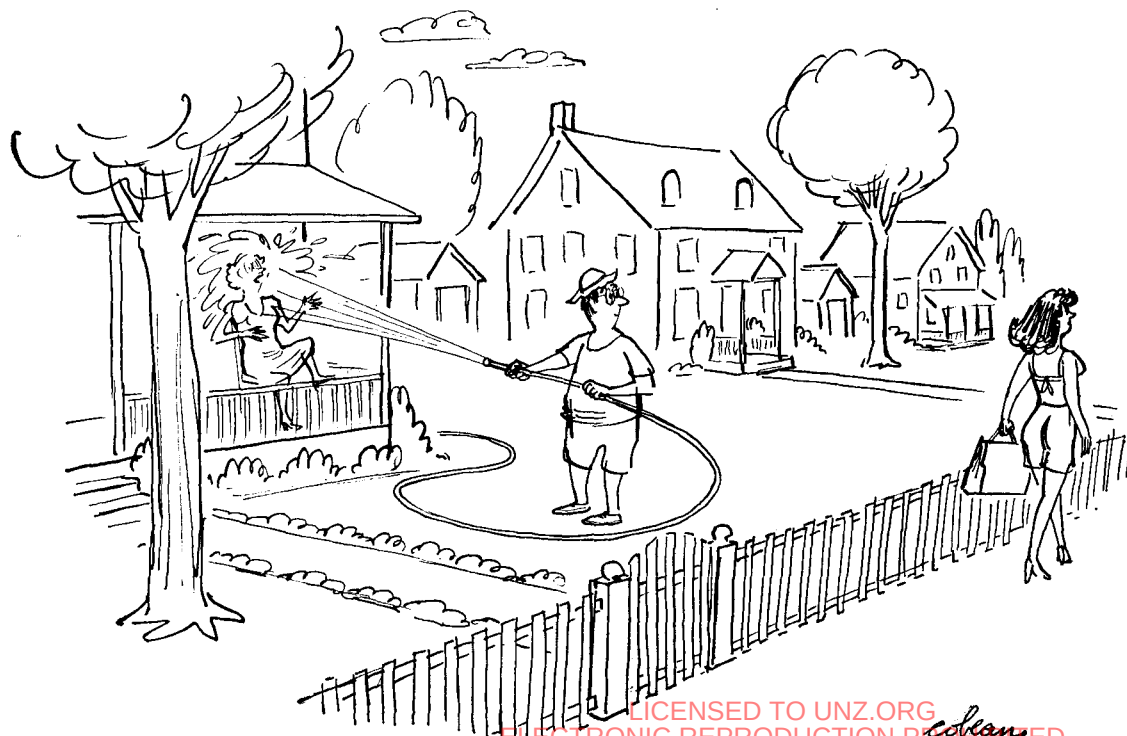
"All right," I said. "I'll go."

"But it's not a question of whether or not you will go," my friend said. "The question is will M. Point let you eat in his place? He has thrown out American millionaires and French ex-Ministers when he didn't feel like serving them. Only last week, a friend of mine called M. Point long distance and asked him to reserve a table for the next day. That, of course, was a mistake, because M. Point usually insists on being notified at least three days beforehand. My friend gave his name—a *very* important name in French politics, I assure you. Ha! M. Point pretended to be totally unimpressed and kept saying, 'Would you mind repeating the name?' Before long, my friend had lost his celebrated poise and could only mumble that he was being recommended by M. Léon Blum. And what do you think M. Point said to that? He said, 'And who is M. Blum, if I may ask?'"

My friend chuckled. "But I think I can help you out with an introduction. I have a British friend, M. Piperno, who happened to be among the Allied troops that liberated Vienne, and I'll have him give you a letter that will open all doors to you. Any friend of M.

Piperno's is treated royally at Point's. But be sure to call M. Point well in advance to reserve your table. And for heaven's sake, don't think of ordering your meal! You don't order at Point's. *He* tells you what to eat."

A few days later, I received a note from my friend enclosing an amiable letter of introduction from a Mr. T. H. Piperno, and decided to put in a person-to-person call to M. Point without delay to reserve a table for lunch some day the following week. Finally, after some misunderstandings involving Point's name, my name, and the name of a girl, Denise Something, who had a lovely way of yawning and seemed to be the long-distance operator in Vienne, I got hold of a man with a high, querulous voice who said yes, he was



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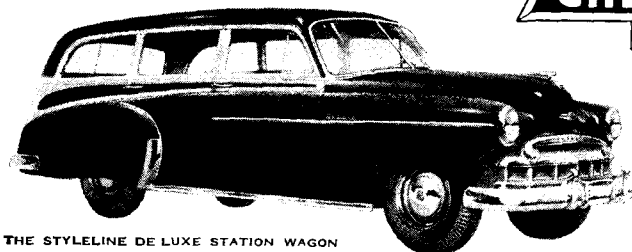
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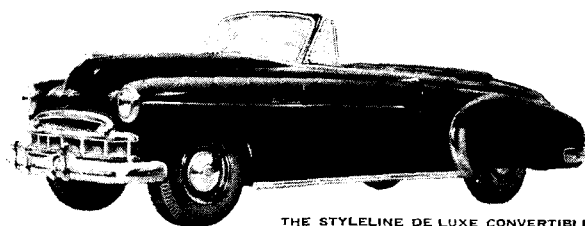
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Point, and there were no tables available for the next week—or the next two weeks, for that matter. I quickly said that I was a friend of Mr. Piperno's. M. Point's voice abruptly dropped several notes as he said "Oh!" Then he precipitately told me that I might come any day I liked, absolutely, it would be a pleasure, and how about tomorrow? And in whose name should the table be reserved? I began to spell out my name, but M. Point must have got restless, because he said not to bother with the name—there would be a table. He hung up forthwith, without a goodbye.

MY friends in Paris had urged me to prepare myself for my monumental lunch by eating only extremely light food, and very little of it, during the preceding twenty-four hours, and I was hungry and cross when my overnight train pulled into Vienne early the following morning. A gentle rain was misting down upon the green trees of the town's miniature boulevards and blurring the outlines of the narrow streets bordered by old houses and small, dark shops. I set out for the nearby Grand Hôtel du Nord, where, again on the advice of my friends, I had engaged a room. "You'd better plan to spend the night," they had said. "No use trying to rush away. You have to relax after a meal at Point's." There were only a few people on the street—pale, stockingless girls who were carrying small lunch boxes, and shabbily dressed men who looked as though they surely had never lunched or dined at Point's.

The Grand Hôtel du Nord was, despite its name, an unassuming establishment that did not indulge in such extravagances as elevators, a bathroom on every floor, and warm water after nine in the morning, but my room was clean and the comforter on my bed was filled with eiderdown. I had a pleasant view of two sides of a square—on one flank the town museum, on the other the Café du Commerce et des Voyageurs and its clients, all of them, I was sure, busy in lively discussions of politics, soccer, and the high cost of living. I washed up, read a newspaper I had bought at the station (politics, soccer, and the high cost of living), and finished my interrupted sleep. When I awoke, it was getting on toward twelve o'clock, and nearly time for me to present myself at the Restaurant de la Pyramide. As I stepped into the street, I was stopped by a young man wearing a raincoat and a beret and carrying a

pipe. He smiled at me like a Fuller Brush man, asked my pardon for his presumption, and informed me that he was Jean Lecutiez, an archeologist who had been sent to Vienne by the Ministry of National Education to dig up the ruins of the houses, temples, aqueducts, baths, and assorted monuments that the Romans left there two thousand years ago.

"I happened to be visiting my friend the desk clerk of your hotel as you came in, and I saw on the registration blotter that you were a writer," M. Lecutiez said. "Right away, I told myself that I would make it my business to take you around." I tried to protest, but he said, "Oh, don't worry—no bother at all. My two colleagues will carry on with the work. There are three of us archeologists here—a very old man, *un homme mûr* [a mature man], and myself." M. Lecutiez prodded me energetically with the stem of his pipe. "You must realize, Monsieur, that Vienne, the old Vienna Allobrogum, was the capital of the Allobroges in the first century B.C. Julius Caesar established a colony here. Later, the Romans went up north and founded Lugdunum, which eventually became Lyon. Naturally, the people in Lyon don't like to hear this, but it's true—"

"I'm sorry," I said. "That's wonderfully interesting, but I have a luncheon engagement at..."

M. Lecutiez ignored this interruption. "Vienne, like Rome, is built around seven hills," he went on as he grasped my arm and relentlessly walked me away. "They are Levau, Mont Salomon, Mont Arnaud, Mont Pipet, Sainte-Blandine, Coupe Jarret, and Mont Saint-Just. I'll take you up on every one of them. Now, this afternoon we're going to start with—"

"It's almost lunchtime," I said. "How about an apéritif? Then I'll really have to run for my appointment."

"Thank you, I never drink," he said. "Would you like to see the pyramid?"

"Ah," I said. "That's exactly where I'm going. I'm lunching at Point's."

"The restaurant, *je m'en fiche*," said M. Lecutiez. "I mean the real pyramid, which for hundreds of years was commonly, and erroneously, thought to be the grave of Pontius Pilate. There is nothing like it anywhere. Come, it's no distance at all." As we crossed the street, a wild bicyclist almost ran us down, but M. Lecutiez seemed not to notice. "It was the great French archi-



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tect Delorme who first stated that the pyramid dates from the fourth century and was the domed center of the spina, or longitudinal center wall, of a Roman circus, where chariot races were held. Now we turn here, and *voilà!*"

There before us, an island in the middle of the street, was the pyramid, a monument, perhaps fifty feet high, that looks like a giant metronome. Its square base is pierced by four arches. The thoroughfare it stands in is one of those drab, deserted side streets that one sees in so many small French towns.

"Excavations undertaken in 1854 by Constant Dufeu proved Delorme completely right," M. Lecutiez went on, hardly pausing for breath. "We are indeed standing in the middle of what was once a vast Roman circus. It was a big arena, fifteen hundred feet long and . . ."

On the other side of the street, set in a ten-foot wall, was a gate, and beside it a black marble plate inscribed in red letters "FERNAND POINT, RESTAURATEUR."

"... and the chariots must have come from over there," M. Lecutiez was saying, pointing up the street. "They would pass right where we're standing, and then—"

"It's been a tremendously instructive talk," I broke in, "and I am most grateful to you, but I must go." M. Lecutiez looked at me with a hurt expression, but I walked firmly across the street toward the gate in the wall. On the left, the wall connected with a decrepit three-story building that looked as if it should have been condemned long before the Renaissance; on the right it joined a house that was considerably newer but seemed rather run-down and in need of a coat of paint. The rain had stopped and the sun had come out, but even under these favorable conditions the exterior of M. Point's temple for gastronomes presented an unprepossessing appearance. I walked through the gate and found myself suddenly, without any transition, in another world. I was in a garden with clean gravel paths, green lawns, beds of flowers, and a terrace shaded by old maples and chestnuts and covered with white tables and wicker chairs still wet from the rain. The courtyard walls of the building that I had thought should have been condemned were completely cloaked with ivy, which blended admirably with the beautifully landscaped grounds. To my right was a two-story house—the one that from the front I had thought was run-down. Its garden side was immaculate. The frames of its wide windows were freshly painted, and the whole building looked

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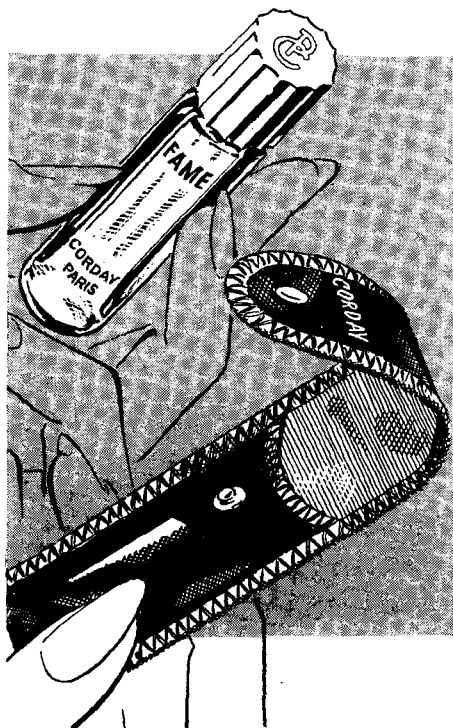
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as clean and spruce as a Dutch sugar house. I walked up three steps, scuffed my shoes on a mat, opened the big door, and entered the hall of what seemed to be a handsome country residence. On the wall were paintings and an old print of the pyramid, bearing the caption "Un Monument Antique, Vulgairement Appelé le Tombeau de Pilate."

A man in a white jacket approached from the rear of the house, greeted me cheerfully, and took my raincoat and hung it on a hanger in the hall, as is the custom in French homes. I said I wanted to see M. Point, and was ushered into a small, pleasantly furnished salon. The walls were hung with paintings and mirrors, a gold pendulum clock stood on a buffet, and a large glass-topped table sat in the middle of the room. On the table were champagne glasses and a half-empty magnum of champagne, and behind it was standing a huge man. He must have been six feet three, and weighed three hundred pounds. He had a longish, sad face, a vast double chin, a high forehead, dark hair, and melancholy eyes. I couldn't help thinking that one of M. Lecutiez's sybaritic Roman emperors had come to life. He wore a comfortably large suit, and a big bow tie of black silk ornamented with a flowery design, like those the eccentric citizens of Montparnasse and flamboyant Italian tenors wore in the old days.

I introduced myself and we shook hands. I gave him Mr. Piperno's letter. M. Point read it casually and shook hands with me again. "Sit down!" he commanded with a magnificent gesture. "For the next few hours, this house will be your home. I'm delighted you came early. Gives us a chance to talk and drink champagne. Quiet, Véronique!" On a chair beside him, a precisely clipped brown poodle was making hostile noises. "Véronique belongs to the family," he said. "We also have a nine-year-old daughter, Marie-Josette. Enfin!" He filled two of the champagne glasses and said, "*A votre santé.*"

We drank. "I like to start off my day with a glass of champagne," M. Point said. "I like to wind it up with champagne, too. To be frank, I also like a glass or two in between. It may not be the universal medicine for every disease, as my friends the champagne people in Reims and Epernay so often tell me, but it does you less harm than any other liquid. Pierre—our sommelier—and Mme. Point and I go to the champagne district every year to buy. And, of course, to Burgundy, too. Last week,

we visited a great friend, the Marquise de la Tourette, the proprietor of one of the great Hermitage vineyards." M. Point filled the glasses again. "*Ah, quelle grande dame!* She won't sell her wines in the commercial market. You have to be her friend, and you must literally force her into selling the stuff. She is over eighty, and every day she walks from her château to the church and back. Permit me to drink the health of the Marquise de la Tourette!"

While we were solemnly drinking the health of the Marquise, a man wearing a beret and the light-blue overalls and apron that are the uniform of France's winegrowers and sommeliers came in. He had a shrivelled face that looked as though it had been chiselled out of a piece of seasoned wood.

"Ah, Pierre," said M. Point. "Monsieur, this is Pierre Chauvon, our sommelier and a great connoisseur of that ever-new miracle, wine."

The old man scratched his head under his beret with his left hand as he gave me his right. "*Allons, allons, Chef!*" he said, embarrassed but quite pleased. "You know a lot about wines yourself, and Mme. Point knows even more. Ah, I assure you, Monsieur," he said to me, "*Madame is épatante. She is très, très forte.* When we go to the vineyards and taste the wines, the winegrowers always look at her first. She's better than I am, and I certainly know my business." He smiled, revealing a few side teeth and almost none in the front. "Unfortunately, Madame always gets hungry around noon, and once you've eaten, your taste and judgment aren't reliable any more. I don't eat when we're out. Mustn't make a mistake, eh, Chef?"

"Everybody calls me 'Chef' here," M. Point explained to me. "Never 'Patron.' They just won't forget that I used to be my own chef in the kitchen. Now I merely supervise things there, and my wife takes care of the clients in the dining room. Well, Pierre, why don't we show our friend the cellar? Nothing to be ashamed of, is it?"

M. Point led the way out into the hall, around a few corners, and down a stairway into a big, brightly lighted wine cellar with earthen walls. It was cool, and the dirt floor was as clean as much sweeping could make it. All along the walls were shelves on which bottles were stacked horizontally. Tacked to the lower-left-hand corner of each shelf was a small label giving the place of origin and the vintage of the wine. In the center of the room was a



table covered with baskets of fresh fruit—enormous pears, Calville apples, lush peaches, and aromatic *fraises de bois*. A roster of the wines in the cellar hung on one wall. It listed two hundred and nineteen names, in four columns. Glancing at random down the second column, I saw Richebourg '42, Romanée-Conti '35, Corton Charlemagne '38, Les Grands Echézeaux '42, Hermitage '98, Romanée-Conti '43, La Tache '43, Hermitage la Cour Blanche '06, Clos de Vougeot '37, Vosne-Romanée '93, Corton Charlemagne '42, La Tache '37, Romanée St. Vivant '40, Pouilly '40, Montrachet '29, Richebourg '29, Chambolle Musigny '21, Hermitage Blanc '70, Marc de Bourgogne '29, and Vire Chapitre '26.

"What a mess!" said M. Point, waving at the chart. "We've always mixed them up—don't know why. Anyway, it's not a bad selection. We have all the great vintage years of Château d'Yquem, back to 1908, and a lot of the fine years of Château Margaux and Château Lafite-Rothschild. You can see we're crowded in here. I had to rent a place down the street for Pierre to keep his champagnes in."

He pointed to a section of the shelves at my right. "How do you like our cognacs?" They were impressive—cobweb-covered bottles of eighty-year-old Otard and *hors-d'âge* Camus, along with batteries of gin, Scotch, apéritifs, and liqueurs. M. Point slapped his stomach. "Before the war, I refused to serve cocktails. Now they bring their own bottles if I don't serve them. My God, after a couple of those concoctions your palate can't distinguish an 1899 Château Mouton-Rothschild from 1949 fountain-pen ink! What's that you have, Pierre?"

The sommelier was examining a small bottle of the sort in which wine-growers send samples to merchants and restaurateurs. "The new Moulin-à-Vent," he said.

"We buy many wines by the barrel—*la pièce*," M. Point said, "and Pierre 'works' the wine, draining it from one barrel into another three times a year. The dregs remain in the old barrel. Pierre knows what he's doing. He wouldn't make a *soutirage*—as the process is called—while a south wind is blowing. The wind must be from the north. Right, Pierre?"

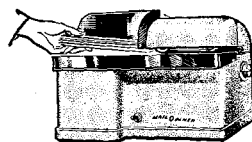
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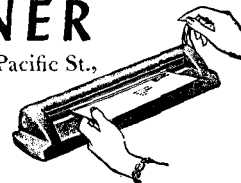
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wine is ready, I bottle it myself in my workroom. I've always done it. Had my own *bistro* in Lyon and would go to Burgundy three times a year to buy wines. Those were nice times, before my wife—" He stopped and scratched his chin. "Ah, why warm up those old stories? I'm happy here now. I'm sixty-seven, and I hope to stay here until I die."

"*Allons, allons, Pierre!*" M. Point cried, and his high-pitched voice almost cracked. "What kind of talk is that? Go on, tell me how the wine is."

Pierre uncorked the sample bottle and took a big mouthful of the wine. He let it roll over and under his tongue, closed his eyes, and made a gargling sound. Then he spat on the floor. "It'll be all right in three years," he said with authority.

"Good!" M. Point took my arm. "Let's go up to the kitchen and give some thought to your lunch."

THE kitchen was large and cheery, with a white-tiled floor and walls. Copper pots hung from hooks on the ceiling, and silver trays were stacked on broad white tables. The ranges and slicing machines were so highly polished that they looked brand-new. M. Point told me that coal was used to cook everything except pastry, which was baked in an electric oven. At the rear of the kitchen were four refrigerators. Through their glass doors I could see *hors d'oeuvres* and butter in the first, rows of dressed chickens in the second, fillets of beef and veal tenderloins in the third, and potatoes, bunches of white asparagus, and other vegetables in the fourth. The room was a busy place. Cooks and apprentices were washing vegetables, cutting meat, mixing sauces, and doing various other chores, but there was a total absence of haste or nervousness.

A plump and elegant gray-mustached man in a spotless chef's outfit joined us and was introduced to me as M. Paul Mercier, the *chef de cuisine*. "Do you like chicken, Monsieur?" he asked me. He picked one up from a nearby table. "All of ours come from the region of Bresse, the best in France for poultry. Each is tagged with a silver label and a serial number. We store them in the refrigerator for four or five days after getting them, but we don't freeze them. They do a lot of freezing in America, don't they?"

"*Malheureux, malheureux!*" M. Point exclaimed, clapping his hands in deep unhappiness. "Of course they do a lot of freezing. It's such a hot coun-

try they have to, I am told. But you can't expect to get a good piece of chicken from a freezer. Here we keep everything just above the freezing point." As he talked, his eyes roved over the kitchen, taking note of every bit of activity. "The main thing about cooking is to see to it that only the very best ingredients are used, and used as they should be. When you are interested in *la grande cuisine*, you can't

think of money, or you are licked from the start. And you have to go out yourself and get the ingredients. At six o'clock this morning, M. Mercier himself went to Lyon to buy the very freshest strawberries and asparagus he could find in the markets. And butter, naturally. How can anybody expect to cook well without using the finest butter? *Du beurre, du beurre, du beurre*, I keep telling my men—that's the secret of good cooking. And time, lots of time."

I noticed that the bustle in the kitchen had subsided and that most of the undercooks were listening to M. Point with hushed attention. M. Point solemnly raised his right hand and proclaimed, "*La grande cuisine* doesn't wait for the client. It is the client who must wait for *la grande cuisine*." He stopped and looked around the kitchen. "*Allons, mes enfants!*" he said, clapping his hands. "Let us go back to work." Ushering me through a doorway, he took me into a small courtyard. "I want to show you our aquarium," he said. The aquarium consisted of two square tanks. In one I saw a couple of dozen brook trout swimming around, and in the other a number of crayfish. The water in each tank was kept fresh by a flowing faucet. M. Mercier joined us. "Are we going to serve Monsieur a trout?" he asked. "*Au bleu*, perhaps?"

"I haven't decided yet," M. Point said. He turned to me. "So often our clients ask for what they call 'difficult' things, with long and fancy names. People don't know that the most difficult and also the best dishes are the simple ones. What did you cook for your family on your last day off, Paul?"

"A *choucroute*," M. Mercier said.

"There you are. Here is a great chef, who can cook a chicken in champagne with truffles the like of which has never before been tasted, and what does he cook for himself at home? A *choucroute*—cabbage, delicious soft ham, Alsatian sausage, and very young potatoes—and what could be better?" He swallowed, and I found myself swallowing, too. My stomach was gnaw-



ing. "But it takes experience. What looks easier to make than a *sauce Béarnaise*? Butter, egg yolks, chopped shallots—nothing to it, is there? But years of practice are needed before you can do it right. Forget to watch it for a single instant and it's gone, finished, lost. Everybody thinks he can fry eggs, and I suppose anybody can, but to fry them so they are soft and mellow throughout, not burned on the bottom and raw on top—that is art, my friend. Isn't that right, Paul?"

"Absolutely," said M. Mercier.

"Absolutely. Now, Monsieur, let us return to the salon and think seriously about your lunch."

In the hall, we encountered a slim, middle-aged, efficient-looking woman in a gray tailored suit, who was carrying an order pad under her arm. M. Point introduced her to me as his wife, Marie-Louise. She smiled at me briefly and then whispered in M. Point's ear. "Madame *who*?" he said. "No, no. Tell her we have no table. I don't want her. She smokes before dessert. The last time she was here, she even smoked after the *hors d'oeuvres*." He escorted me into his salon. The magnum was empty, and he called loudly for another. It was quickly brought in an ice bucket by a frightened young waiter. M. Point watched the youth sternly as he worked out the cork and stopped the flow of foam by pressing a silver spoon over the mouth of the bottle. "A little trick," M. Point said. "Metal will stop the flow. Don't pour yet, Marcel. Always leave the bottle open in the ice bucket for a few minutes." A drop of champagne had spilled on the tabletop, and the waiter, before leaving, carefully wiped it away with his napkin. M. Point nodded in approval. "So many otherwise good restaurants in France don't teach their personnel the importance of the attention to detail that makes for flawless service," he said. I saw Mme. Point greeting four guests, and a waiter or two scurrying by in the hall. In a minute, a boy in a white apron put his head in the door and said that a M. Godet was calling from Lyon about a reservation, and would M. Point—For some reason, this seemed to infuriate M. Point. He shoed the boy away, went to the door, and announced down the hall in a loud voice that he was about to have a glass of champagne and that he would be grateful if the world would leave him in peace for a few minutes. Then he shut the door, came back, and sat down.

"Too many people," he said. "Vienne is halfway between Paris and the Rivie-

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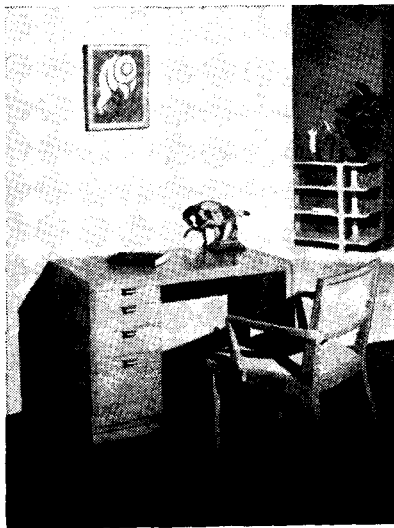
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ra, and everybody wants to stop over to break the monotony of the trip. Not many Vienne people come here; most of my clients are from the outside world. It's been that way ever since I opened the restaurant, twenty-six years ago, when I was twenty-six years old." He poured us each a glass of champagne and looked thoughtfully into his. "I was born near here, and I always wanted to cook. My father was a chef. A very good chef. He made me start from the beginning—washing dishes, waiting on tables, peeling potatoes. It's quite important to peel them right, believe me. Then I learned to cook vegetables and make soups and things like that, and after that I went to Paris. Remember Foyot's? Ah, they had a great *saucier*! He taught me a lot. And for a long time I worked at the Hôtel Bristol. I came back home in 1923 and bought this place with my savings. It was just a shack and a few trees then. In time, Father and I added the second floor and a new kitchen, the wine cellar, and the terrace. We had the garden landscaped and bought the adjoining lot. Father died a few years ago. All this time I was doing the cuisine myself, always learning, always trying to improve a little, always eating well. You've got to love to eat well if you want to cook well. Whenever I stop at a restaurant while travelling, I go and look at the chef. If he's a thin fellow, I don't eat there. I've learned much about cooking, but I still have far to go."

M. Point leaned back, reached into the drawer of a table behind him, and pulled out a leather-bound book with a gold inscription on its cover: "F. POINT, LIVRE D'OR." "I started keeping this on the restaurant's tenth anniversary, in September, 1933," he said. He handed it to me. On page 1 was a short note, "*Quel excellent déjeuner!*," signed by the Aga Khan. "He really knows how to eat well," M. Point said. A couple of pages on, the Fratellinis, France's most famous clowns, had written, "Today we have eaten at Lucullus's," and Colette had written, "The trout was rosy, the wine was sparkling, the pâtisserie went straight to my heart—and I am trying to lose weight! This is definitely the last time I come here—*on ne m'y reprendra pas!*" Farther along there was an unfinished sentence by Léon Blum: "*Si j'en trouve encore la force après un tel déjeuner...*," a drawing by Jean Cocteau, and an observation by Curnonsky (the *nom de* table of Maurice Edmond Sailland, who

in 1925 was elected Prince of Gastronomes by a group of Paris newspapers): "Since cooking is without doubt the greatest art, I salute my dear Fernand Point as one of the greatest artists of our time!"

Nothing was entered from January, 1940, until September 2, 1944. On the latter date, someone had written "*Premières Troupes Alliées—Merci 1000 Fois!*" over an excited, illegible signature. Below was the exclamation "*Vive la France!*" and the signatures of, among others, the Abbé de Pélissier, F.F.I., and Lieutenant Colonel H. C. Lodge, Jr., and Carl F. Gooding, "American jeep driver." Several pages beyond, I came upon a pasted-in letter, dated December 3, 1946, and typed on the stationery of the War Office (Room 900), Whitehall, London S.W. 1. It read, "Mr. Fernand Point: I have the honor to inform you that His Majesty the King has approved the award to you of the King's Medal for Courage in the Cause of Freedom, for your good services in France..."

I asked M. Point about the letter. He shrugged and took the *livre d'or* away from me and threw it back into the drawer. "No time for that," he said. "Time for lunch. If you will go into the dining room, I'll step into the kitchen and see what can be done. I've thought it all out."

AT the entrance to the dining room, I was taken in tow by a cheerful headwaiter, who led me to a table. Mme. Point came up with the order pad still under her arm. She gave me a long, speculative glance—the kind of glance that wives so often give their husbands' drinking companions—and then she smiled and said that she hoped I would have a nice lunch. She went off, and I looked around the dining room. I had the feeling of being in a comfortable home in the country. The room wasn't so small as to give one a sense of being cooped up with a lot of other people (there were perhaps fifteen or twenty other clients), and not so large as to give a feeling of mass production.

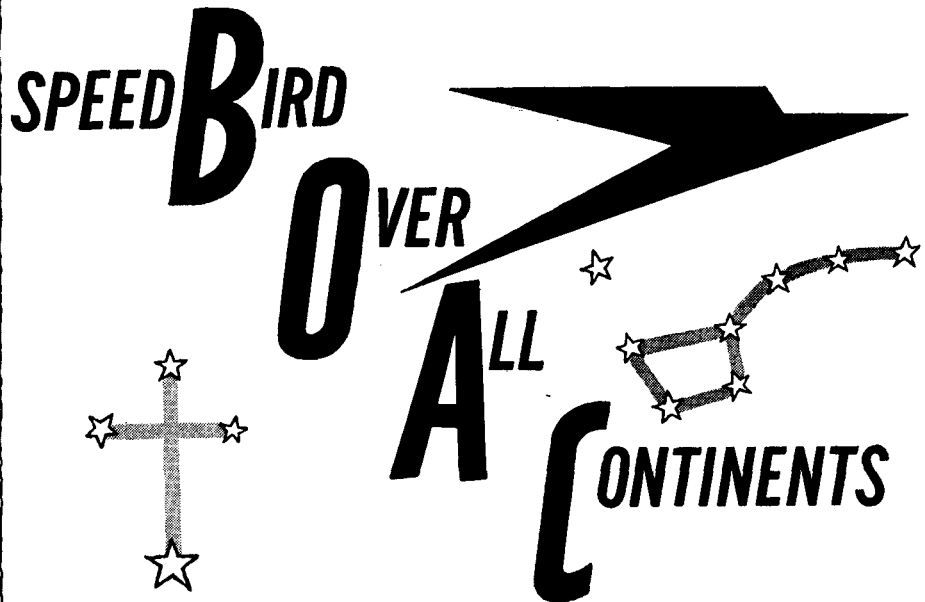
There were pretty white curtains on all the windows, and on every table was a vase of fresh flowers. In the center of the room stood a long buffet covered with stacks of big, ivory-colored plates, piles of silver and rows of glasses, and against one wall was a grandfather's clock. When I opened my white napkin of rough linen, it turned out to be almost the size of a small bedspread, and exhaled the fragrance of fresh air and of



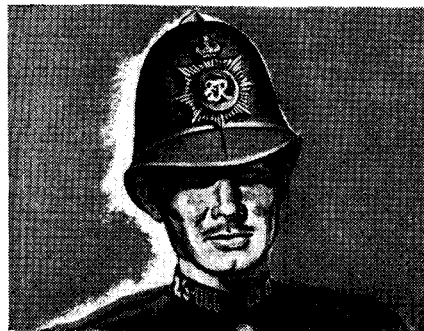
the grass on which it had been dried in the sun.

A waiter placed one of the ivory-colored plates in front of me, and another waiter served me the first hors d'oeuvre, an excellent *pâté campagne en croûte*. French cooks are generally expert at baking an extremely light, buttery dough called *croûte*, but never before had I eaten *croûte* that almost dissolved in my mouth. When I had finished, the first waiter replaced my plate, fork, and knife with clean ones, and a third waiter served me a slice of *foie gras naturel truffé* embedded in a ring of *crème de foie gras*. The ritual of changing plates and silver was repeated after each hors d'oeuvre—hot sausage baked in a light pastry shell, accompanied by delicious *sauce piquante*; a *pâte* of pheasant; crackling hot cheese *croisants*; fresh asparagus (which M. Mercier must have bought in Lyon that morning), set off by a truly perfect hollandaise sauce. A bottle of wine—an elegant, airy Montrachet—was brought in an ice bucket; the waiter filled my glass half full and gave it a gentle swirl to spread the bouquet. It was a great show and a fine wine. The last hors d'oeuvre was followed in person by M. Point, who informed me that I had now completed the "overture." "The overture merely indicates the themes that will turn up later," he said. "A good meal must be as harmonious as a symphony and as well constructed as a good play. As it progresses, it should gain in intensity, with the wines getting older and more full-bodied." Having delivered himself of this pronouncement, he returned to the kitchen.

Whenever I think back to that lunch, I feel contentedly well fed; the memory of it alone seems almost enough to sustain life. The next course was *truite au porto*, which, the headwaiter told me, had been prepared by M. Point himself: brook trout boiled in water to which vinegar, pepper, salt, and bay leaf had been added, and then skinned, split in half, and filled with a ragout of truffles, mushrooms, and vegetables. With it came a sauce made of butter, cream, and port wine. It was a masterpiece; I was by then entirely willing to take the word of my friends in Paris that Fernand Point is today France's greatest chef. The trout was followed by a breast of guinea hen with morels, in an egg sauce; a splendid Pont-l'Évêque; strawberry ice cream, made of *fraises de bois* that had been picked the day before; and an array of pâtisserie. M. Point had chosen as a wine for the guinea hen a rich, full-bodied Chateau



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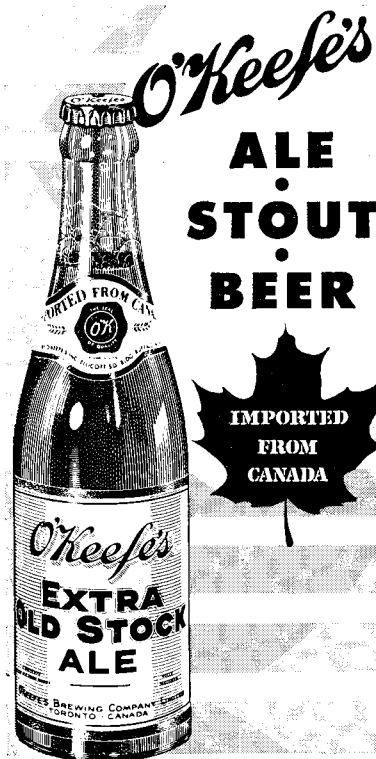
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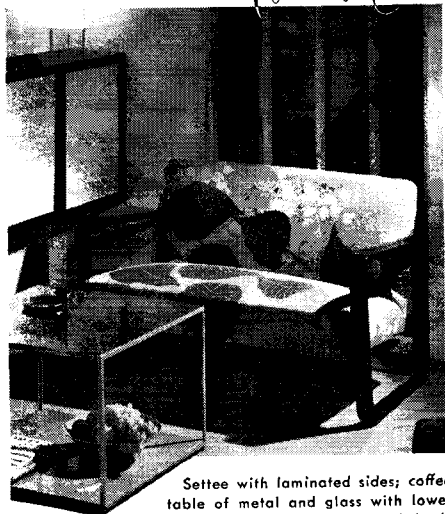
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Lafite-Rothschild '24. And at the end of the meal, with my coffee, there was a Grande Fine Champagne '04, the taste of which I still remember vividly.

LATER, M. Point sat down at my table. The smell of good coffee and good cigars and the sound of soft, relaxed conversation drifted through the room. M. Point acknowledged my praises with the casual air of a seasoned virtuoso who had expected nothing else. "We always strive for near-perfection," he said. The inevitable bottle of champagne in its ice bucket was whisked up to the table by the headwaiter, and two glasses were filled. "Of course, I know that there is no such thing as perfection. But I always try to make every meal"—he closed his eyes, searching for the right words—"une petite merveille. Now, you won't believe it, but I gave a lot of thought to your lunch. I said to myself, 'Maybe he should have a *sole aux nouilles* instead of the *truite au porto*.' I decided against it. It might have been too much, and I don't want my clients to eat too much. Only in bad restaurants is one urged to order a lot. *Enfin*, you are satisfied."

I said he could probably make a fortune if he opened a restaurant in Paris. He nodded glumly. "My friends have been telling me that for years. But why should I leave? I belong here. My men like to work for me. We have thirteen men here in the dining room, and eight cooks and two pâtissiers, under Paul Mercier, in the kitchen. Many of them have been with me for over ten years, and some have been here a lot longer than that. They don't quit, as they do in Paris. Look at Vincent, here. He's been with me for twenty years—or is it twenty-one, Vincent?"

The headwaiter filled the glasses again and gave the champagne bottle a twirl as he replaced it in its bucket. "Twenty-one, *Chef*," he said.

"You can't get rid of them," said M. Point. "I could throw Vincent out the door and he would come right back in through the window. No, *mon cher ami*, Point stays at the Pyramide." He lifted his glass. "Let us drink to the Pyramide!"

"To the Pyramide!" I said.

WE drank a considerable number of toasts afterward—to France; to the United States; to Escoffier; to Dom Pérignon, who put the bubbles in champagne; and to the memorable day when M. Point prepared his first *truite au porto*—and it was with a feeling of light-headedness and supreme

contentment that, late in the afternoon, I paid my bill (which came to no more than the price of a good meal in a good restaurant in New York), bid farewell to M. Point, and went out into the garden. It had rained again, but now the sun was shining. The earth had a strong smell of mushrooms and flowers. I headed back to my hotel. At the corner of the Cours Président Wilson, I ran smack into M. Lecutiez. He was talking to an unworldly-looking patriarch, who I presumed was the oldest of the three archeologists, but M. Lecutiez introduced him to me as *l'homme mûr*, the mature man. He said goodbye to his colleague and seized my arm with great enthusiasm. "I've been waiting for you!" he said, waving his pipe happily. "We've got lots of things to do. We still have time to climb at least three of Vienne's seven hills."

I said that he must excuse me, because I was hardly able to make the Grand Hôtel du Nord, having just had lunch at M. Point's.

"M. Point has a very interesting place," M. Lecutiez said.

"Interesting?" I said. "They say it's the best restaurant in this country. It's the most remarkable—"

"Oh, I don't mean that," M. Lecutiez broke in. "I don't give a damn about the restaurant. I care only for antiquities, you know, and M. Point has plenty of them buried under his place. When they landscaped his garden ten years ago, they came across a couple of first-class Roman sculptures. I wish we could take over M. Point's place and start digging in earnest. I'll bet there are any number of marvellous relics under his wine cellar."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

I read a story in the *New Yorker* about a boy who, instead of becoming a priest, got married, or at least fell in love or something. And the emptiness and futility and nothingness of the world once more invaded me from every side.—"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton.

That's our famous big twenty cents' worth.

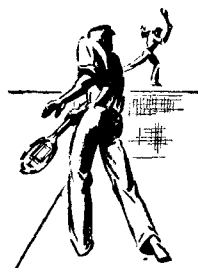
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[Helen Worden in the *Herald Tribune*]

He spent the first five years of his life in the home of his grand-uncle, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. In his later years he lived with Tom Paine, whose pamphlets sparked the American Revolution. He is an ancestor of Gerard Lambert, the Listerine producer.

ON THE COURTS

U. S. 4, Australia 1



THERE have been better-played Davis Cup challenge-round matches than the doubles encounter at Forest Hills last Saturday, in which the Australian team of John Bromwich and Billy Sidwell defeated the United States' No. 1 combination of Gardnar Mulloy and William Talbert, 3-6, 4-6, 10-8, 9-7, 9-7, but I can't recall a more dramatic one. In the first place, the Australians, having lost both singles matches the previous day, needed this match to keep their hopes alive for Sunday's two singles finals. In the second place, rarely, until the last quarter hour of the three-hour-and-seventeen-minute marathon, did it look as if the Australians had much of a chance.

Throughout the first two sets, Bromwich was badly off form, especially on his serve, which at best is not his strongest point. Both sets were lost on breaks of his service, and when, also on his service, the Americans deuced the thirteenth game of the third set, the perspiring spectators stopped fanning themselves and prepared to leave. But at that point Bromwich suddenly found his game. For the rest of the match, he was deadly with his sharply angled, close-to-the-net volleys and half volleys. At the start of the final set, it was evident that the match depended on which side would first give in to exhaustion. Only Sidwell, the youngest of the four, retained any traces of freshness, and then, in the fifth game, his service was broken, while Talbert held his to put the Americans ahead, 4-2. That was about the end of the American threat, though. Two games later, Mulloy dropped his service, and in the last six games Talbert was so near collapse that he could do little more than wave his racket at returns he would have gobbled up earlier in the match. After it was over, the onlookers seemed almost as tired as the players. Only a couple of dozen seat cushions were heaved onto the court, instead of the customary three or four hundred.

roborate the thesis that topflight tennis players can't really work at anything but tennis if they want to play at their peak all the time. Schroeder was recently made a partner in his firm, as a result of which he stayed at his job until just before the Davis Cup play started. Possibly as a result of that, he lost two of the first three sets to Sidwell, an opponent he should beat in straight sets, before pulling himself together to win—6-1, 5-7, 4-6, 6-2, 6-3. In his singles match with Frank Sedgman, the young Australian champion, on Sunday, Schroeder was back in his best form. It took him just over an hour to dispose of the man whom the clubhouse know-it-alls were referring to before the match as the greatest threat from Down Under since Gerald Patterson. The only time Sedgman seemed to have any hope at all was in the second set, when he led, at one point, 4-1. Schroeder stopped that rally by taking the next five games about as easily as if he'd been playing the runner-up in the veterans' division of a country-club tournament.

RICHARD GONZALES, who, although he holds all three Men's National Singles Championships—indoor, grass-court, and clay-court—was the No. 2 player for the United States, because Schroeder has beaten him almost every time they have met, defeated Sedgman in three sets on Friday, but he still appears to me to rely too much on his tremendous serves and he hasn't quite rid himself of a tendency to relax when he has what he considers a safe lead. He was guilty of two or three such lapses against Sedgman, who, if he'd had more experience (he's only twenty-one), might have found a way to take advantage of them. It may be that after that match Alrick H. Man, Jr., captain of the United States team, had a few words with Gonzales on the subject of letting up. Anyhow, Gonzales' disposal of Sidwell in the last engagement of the meeting—by a score of 6-1, 6-3, 6-4—was the most decisive victory of this year's Davis Cup play.

—P. W. W., JR.

IN the opening singles play, Ted Schroeder, the California refrigeration executive who is seeded first in the National Singles Championship this year, although he didn't even play in that event last year, appeared to cor-

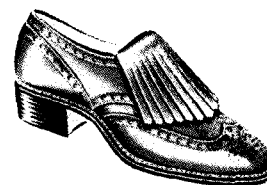
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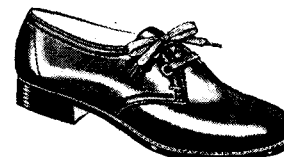


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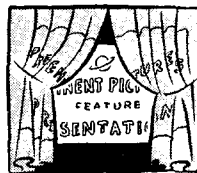
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

An Actress



THANKS large-
ly to Dame
Edith Evans, "Dol-
wyn," a British film,
has moments of ex-
traordinary beauty.

Dame Edith is something of an anomaly these days in a motion picture; she knows how to act. That is to say, her attraction does not lie in her hips, in a face that might (and then again might not) launch a thousand canoes, in simpaton gestures and a simpaton voice, or in some extraneous gimmick, such as a special hair-do or a singularly fetching leg muscle. Dame Edith acts with her entire mind, body, voice, and spirit. She acts as though she enjoyed the honorable profession of acting and respected it. She acts as though, to her, acting required serious attention to character, mood, and place. I can perhaps best emphasize what I have in mind by comparing her with three other dames I viewed last week in the movies: Jennifer Jones, Ann Blyth, and Ann Sheridan.

Jennifer Jones assumed the role of Mme. Bovary ("Whatever it is that French women have, Madame Bovary has more of it!" said the advertisements) in a dull-witted adaptation of the Flaubert classic. As interpreted by Miss Jones, Mme. Bovary could be Mme. X or Mme. Defarge, or Mme. Typhoid Mary, so amateurish and flaccid was her acting. In the early scenes, Miss Jones registered purity of soul by the nature of her garment, a white dress. She demonstrated a desire to taste the delicious pleasures of French landed society by turning up in a wide-flowing cream-puff party dress. She exhibited her boredom with Dr. Charles Bovary, her husband, by staring stupidly out of a window, wearing at the time something drab and dark. She suffered violent death from arsenic poisoning in a perfectly lovely nightgown. Everything that Miss Jones did as Mme. Bovary depended upon something that someone else had done for her—the scene painter, the director, the couturier, the hairdresser. She was merely a cutout doll, lifeless and unresponsive.

Miss Blyth made her appearance, along with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, in one of those shamrock sagas currently so dear to Hollywood's darlin' heart, "Top o' the Morning." And what do you think is missin'? The Blarney Stone! And who is the pret-

forementioned stone has been purloined? Ann Blyth! And is her father the lovable old sergeant of police (Barry Fitzgerald)? And the handsome singin' fellow from America—the detective lad—could that be Bing Crosby? And what does Miss Blyth do but hang about the ragged edges of the celluloid, cute as a button? The Irish should sue.

Miss Sheridan, in "I Was a Male War Bride," plays the part of a female war bride, a lieutenant in the W.A.C. (Mr. Cary Grant is the male war bride of the title, ha, ha!) One cannot blame Miss Sheridan for the accumulated inanities to which she is subjected (the antics in this film are too childish to bear enumeration), but she does as little with them as is humanly possible. Come to think of it, the authors, in creating her role, probably did not have a human being in mind.

BACK to Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams, who wrote, directed, and appears in "Dolwyn," has provided her with a solid, if traditional, role. Dame Edith is Merri, the caretaker of the chapel in Dolwyn, a Welsh village, circa 1892. A widow whose small child is buried in the village churchyard, Merri lives with her two adopted sons. The village is her life. The film is concerned with Dolwyn's great crisis—a rich lord intends to flood the village, in order to provide water for nearby Lancashire. The villagers, for a price, agree to move. Merri, thanks to an ancient grant of property in perpetuity, holds out. There isn't much more to the story, except a climax that struck me as false. What makes "Dolwyn" something to see is Dame Edith. Every gesture and motion (the flick of a tablecloth, the serving of a cup of tea), and each expression (of faith, inside the church; of love, inside the home; of incredulity, when told the village must be vacated) has about it the quality of great acting. Jones, Sheridan, and Blyth might well knock off for an afternoon and catch this one at their neighborhood playhouse, and then decide either to take acting lessons or to become airline hostesses.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

More people eat lunch at The Farmers Market daily between twelve and two than anybody, and perhaps that indicates something.—*Los Angeles Times*.

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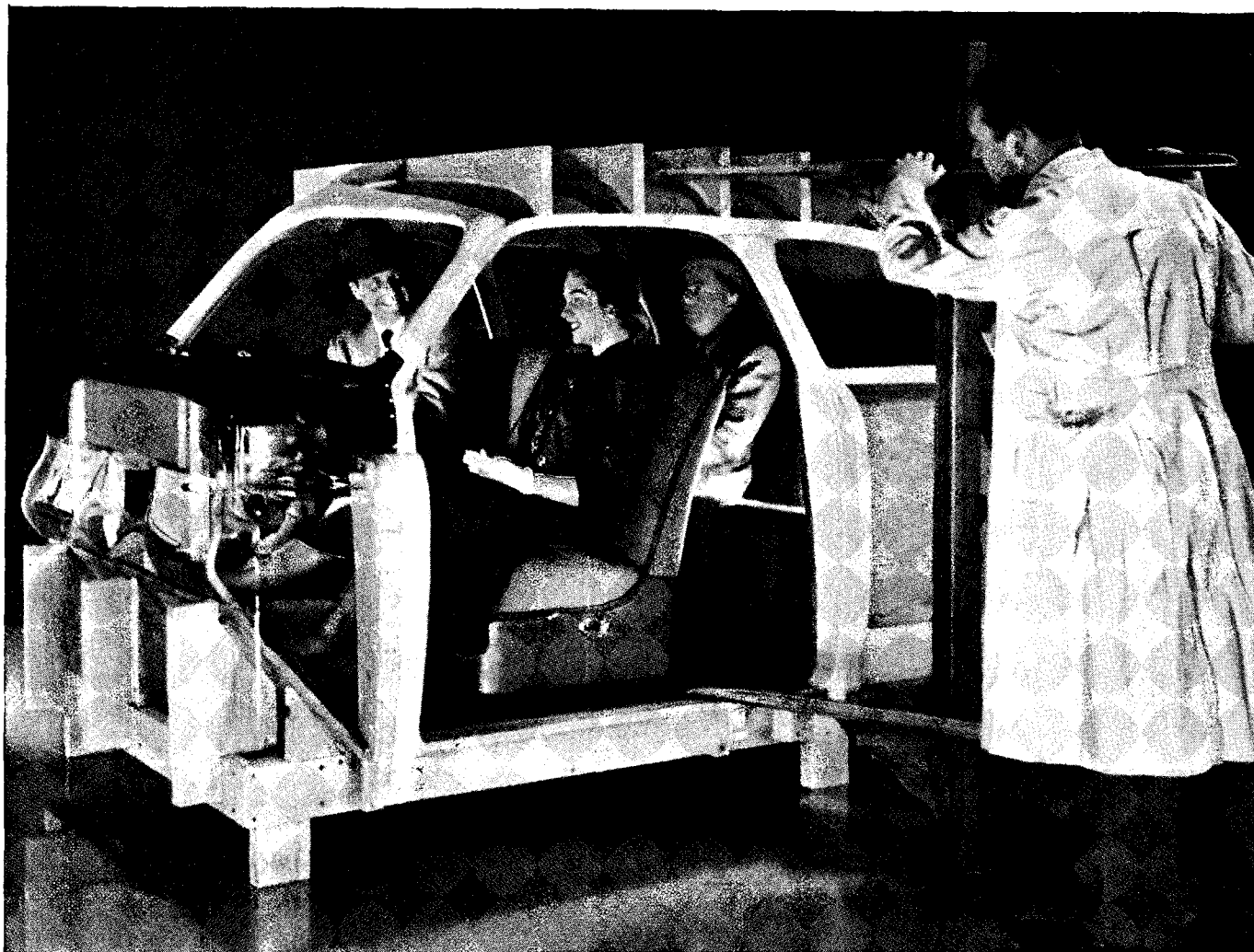
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HASHIM AND THE JEEP

WHILE looking through a magazine recently, I came across an article by a motorist who gleefully described how he had "trapped" a number of garage mechanics by disconnecting a wire on his brand-new car. The estimates of the necessary repairs ranged from a new battery and spark plugs to a thorough overhaul. As I read the article, I thought of Hashim, the jeep driver for the United Press bureau in Singapore when I went there to be acting manager, a few years ago. I was sitting in for the regular manager, who had been persuaded to fly to the States on sick leave after battling with a case of amoebic dysentery for months.

Hashim was a squat, mustard-skinned Malay, with huge nostrils and cheekbones and a wide grin that gave him the appearance of an amiable bulldog. He wore tight-fitting U. S. Army suntans, from which he bulged pneumatically, and an Army plastic helmet liner, painted white, on which he had emblazoned "U. P.," in large black letters.

The affinity between Hashim and the lone U. P. jeep in Singapore was more like the relationship between a man and his horse than that between a chauffeur and his vehicle. When the jeep was not in use, he parked it in a vacant lot across the street from our office and dozed on the back seat. He never came into the office except on matters pertaining to the jeep, and once they were settled, he ducked out, to avoid being drafted for some unworthy task, such as answering the telephone or helping to move a desk. He was reluctant to let even me drive the jeep. His rather clearly implied viewpoint was that the only person other than himself who had a right to lay hands on it was his alleged brother-in-law.

I became aware of this offstage character one morning shortly after the regular manager left for San Francisco, when I found a bill, made out in pencil, on my desk: "Weels—\$5. Hashim's brother-in-law." (The Straits dollar was worth about fifty cents in American currency.) In the hasty briefing that the manager gave me before taking off for the States, he said simply, "Hashim takes care of the jeep," and under the strain of trying to assimilate more important and complex matters rapidly I did not bother to ask for further details. Now that I was in charge, I wasn't going to pay any bills presented by someone's brother-in-law without asking a few questions. I sent one of the copy boys out to the parking lot for Hashim.

"Hashim, what is this bill?" I asked when he came into the office.

He held the bill close to his face, then bobbed his head. "That's my brother-in-law," he said. "He fix the jeep."

"I thought you were supposed to take care of repairs on the jeep," I said. "That's included in your salary, isn't it?"

Hashim looked aggrieved. "All the little things I take care of, boss," he said. "But this is big work. You need a shop with very big tools." He threw his arms out wide, indicating power cranes and such.

"Where is your brother-in-law's shop?" I asked. "Downtown here?"

Hashim clapped his hand to the back of his neck and laughed. "Listen, boss, these Chinese mechanics down here, they all bandits. My brother-in-law's shop is away out there." He swept his arm in the general direction of the distant Johore hills. His brother-in-law's integrity appeared to be doubly insured, by his nationality and by the location of his shop.

I studied the bill again. "Why doesn't he sign his name?"

Hashim looked perplexed. "He's just my brother-in-law," he said.

I took five Straits dollars from the cashbox in my desk and handed them to Hashim with what I hoped was a searching look. He seemed unperturbed, however, as he dropped the coins into a small chamois marble-bag and pulled the strings tight. "Thanks, boss," he said with a grin, and started to leave.

"Oh, by the way, Hashim, what was the matter with the wheels?"

I asked as he reached the door.

Hashim turned and shook his head gravely. "They shot to hell, boss," he said.

EVERY few days after that, there was a bill on my desk from Hashim's brother-in-law. The amounts were never large, but the flow was steady. Each bill bore an enlightening inscription, such as "Pistins—\$4," "Braks—\$3," "Geers—\$5." When I pressed Hashim for details about the pistins, braks, or geers, I was always solemnly informed that they were shot to hell and required big tools. The sole result of my probing was that eventually the bills came in reading simply "Werk on jeep," followed by a sum. Hashim had apparently decided that matters would be less complicated if he rested his case on the contention that the whole jeep was "shot to hell."

Several times, I pointedly asked him

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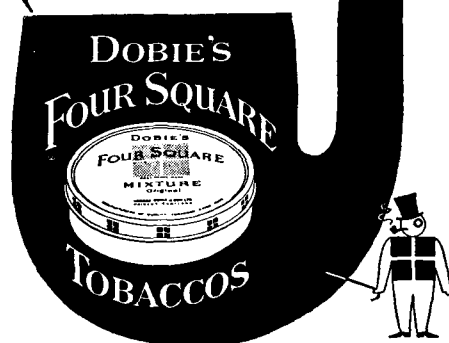
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to please bring his brother-in-law in, or at least to take me out "there," so we could have a long talk about the general condition of the jeep. I had made several inquiries and learned that Hashim was an unmarried orphan of uncertain origin and had neither brothers nor sisters. I thought the request for a meeting might kill off the mythical relative, or at least slow up the flow of bills. It did neither. Hashim assured me each time I asked that he would certainly arrange it—perhaps tomorrow, or the next day—and the bills kept coming.

A little "squeeze" on the part of one's employees hardly comes as a surprise to anyone who has worked in the Far East, but the regular manager had a reputation for being one of the smartest and most efficient men in the U.P., and I found it impossible to believe that he had permitted a situation as flagrant as this to exist.

One morning Hashim presented me with a bill for ten Straits dollars for a "theef-proofing" system.

"What in God's name is this?" I asked.

Hashim's teeth flashed in a triumphant grin. "Boss, no one's gonna steal that jeep now," he said. (No one ever had.) "Come on, I show you."

I followed him out to the parking lot, where, bristling with pride, he demonstrated the great lengths to which he had gone to protect the jeep. The "theef-proofing" system consisted of a siren—louder than the one atop the Singapore firehouse—which was bolted to the windshield and was theoretically controlled by two turn-switches, one hidden beneath the dash and the other inside the radiator grille. The siren was supposedly wired in such a way that unless the circuit was broken in advance by opening both switches, it would go off with a horrendous wail the moment an unsuspecting thief stepped on the starter.

The only flaw—as I soon discovered when I asked Hashim to run me over to the bank—was that the relationship between the siren and the switches was entirely unpredictable. Twice, when Hashim tried to start the jeep after we had parked for a few minutes in a hot and crowded street, the siren screamed. I had to produce all my identification cards and vouch for Hashim to the Malay policemen who came rushing over. Two additional features of the system were that the lights no longer worked and that the horn blew every time we made a left turn.

By the time we got back to the parking lot, Hashim was indignant. "Boss, don't pay that bill yet," he said.

"I'll give my brother-in-law hell!"

The morning was nearly gone, my glasses were foggy with sweat, and my neck and shoulders were covered with prickly heat.

"Don't worry about me paying that bill!" I rasped. "And suppose we cut out this hogwash about your brother-in-law. There isn't any brother-in-law. I'll take care of this jeep from now on."

Successive waves of astonishment, pain, and reproach passed over Hashim's dark features. For several moments, he stared at me from beneath his white helmet liner, as if he were waiting for me to say something that would cancel out the amazing thing I had just said. Finally, he gestured in the direction of the hills. "He lives out there," he said.

"I'll take care of the jeep, Hashim," I said as I turned and crossed the street to the office building.

EARLY the next morning, I drove the jeep down to the O.K. Garage, a faded pink stucco building on the embankment near the Raffles Hotel. I told Mr. Ching, a fat, jovial Chinese, who introduced himself as the proprietor, to take the siren off the jeep, straighten out the wiring system, and make a general checkup.

Mr. Ching nodded his head energetically and studied the jeep with a professional eye. He seemed dubious when I told him I wanted it the next afternoon, but he yielded after I insisted that the bureau needed the jeep urgently.

Throughout that day and the day following, the other Malays in the bureau treated Hashim like a patient undergoing a difficult convalescence. I was conscious of the sickroom atmosphere from the moment I returned to the office from the O.K. Garage. Hashim was sitting on a chair in a corner, munching on a piece of papaya. His helmet liner was lying on my desk. He stayed in his chair for the remainder of the day, and when he came in the next morning, he took up the same position. He didn't volunteer to help around the office, and no one asked him to. From time to time, the copy boys brought him picture magazines from the storeroom, or tangerines and papaya from the fruit stand outside. I was convinced they were silently challenging me to do something about the helmet liner lying on my desk. I didn't touch it. The office was abnormally quiet.

About four o'clock on the second day, I went down to the O.K. Garage to pick up the jeep. Mr. Ching smiled sadly when I asked if it was ready, and, taking me by the elbow, led me to the back of the garage. The jeep, with all

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four wheels off, was resting on wooden blocks. Everything but the axles appeared to have been removed, and the cement floor was strewn with the disassembled parts.

Mr. Ching answered my amazed stare with a shrug of resignation. "This jeep is shot to hell," he said solemnly. He pulled out a long typewritten list from his jacket pocket. "It needs these new parts. Minimum. I can have it for you a week from Saturday, or maybe Monday." The items on the list came to a hundred and seventy-five Straits dollars.

I looked back and forth several times from Mr. Ching to the jeep without speaking. Then I said quietly, "Mr. Ching, don't lay another finger on that jeep."

Mr. Ching gaped and pointed to the parts lying all over the floor.

"Don't touch it," I said. "I'll send a man down here to put it together again." I walked into his office and picked up the telephone. I called the bureau and asked for Hashim, glad that I didn't have to talk to him face to face.

"Hashim, I'm down at the O.K. Garage," I said when he got on the phone. "They're ruining the jeep."

There was a long silence. "I told you they was all bandits," Hashim said, at last.

I spoke slowly and evenly. "Do you think you could persuade your brother-in-law to come down here tonight and put the jeep back together?" I waited tensely for what seemed like several minutes.

"I don't know, boss," Hashim said. "My brother-in-law, he's pretty sore we don't bring him the jeep no more."

"Tell your brother-in-law that from now on he has exclusive care of the jeep," I said with careful emphasis.

There was another pause at the other end of the wire. "I'll tell him," Hashim said, finally. "Say boss, you want the siren fixed, too?"

"The siren, too," I said.

When I arrived at the office the next morning, the jeep was parked in its usual place and Hashim was asleep on the back seat, his helmet liner shading his eyes from the sun. On my desk, I found a bill reading, "Liberating jeep from Chinese—\$512. Hashim's brother-in-law." I was pleased to see that no extra charge had been made for fixing the siren.

—ROBERT CLURMAN

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BOOKS

Morgana, Mississippi

THE town of Morgana, Mississippi, is not to be found on any map, but because of Eudora Welty's new novel, "The Golden Apples" (Harcourt, Brace), it is now just as real a place as another piece of Mississippi that has not yet come to the attention of Rand McNally—William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. Like Faulkner, Miss Welty is a Mississippian in good standing; according to the vital statistics supplied by her publishers, she was born in Jackson, where she still lives. It is my notion, though, that her real birthplace is Yoknapatawpha County. And it is obvious that she has been greatly swayed by this early environment; its mark is on her every page. In a lesser writer, this inheritance would tend to result in the worst kind of imitateness. Miss Welty, however, is not a lesser writer. Although she derives from Faulkner and has been clearly influenced by him, she is not in the least imitative; hers is one of the most original talents in the business, and every line in this novel is absolutely hers. What she has done is take Faulkner's method, refine and sharpen it into a quite different instrument, and use it to accomplish her own purposes. This in itself is no meagre achievement. But I don't want to convey the impression that

"The Golden Apples" is interesting solely as a technical exercise; Miss Welty's technical skill is only a most incidental part of it. Her book is best described as the chronicle of a small Southern town that can be taken to represent not only all small Southern towns but the whole Deep South. Again, though, I don't want anybody to be misled. This is in no sense a "regional" novel. Its people talk Southern, act Southern, and eat Southern, just as the people in Gogol's "Dead Souls" talk Russian, act Russian, and eat Russian, but they have a universal application. It is highly unlikely that their exact counterparts can be found in, say, Oxnard, California, or Shreveport, Louisiana.

Massachusetts, where a different set of geographical and climatic influences is at work, but their problems and preoccupations, their joys and sorrows, are basic everywhere.

Yet I doubt that a better book about "the South"—one that more completely gets the feel of the particular texture of Southern life, and its special tone and pattern—has ever been written. (Faulkner has done the job up brown, of course, but his saga of Yoknapatawpha County now runs to ten volumes.) I am not sure that anyone not moderately familiar with the South can fully appreciate Miss Welty's accomplishment; it is not likely that those who have never seen a little girl holding a wide-open magnolia blossom can comprehend the absolute rightness of Miss Welty's saying of one of her characters that she "carried in the magnolia bloom like a hot tureen." A lack of familiarity with the South need not, however, stand in the way of enjoying the book; it is not necessary to have gone down the Mississippi on a raft to get lost in "Huckleberry Finn."

The chronicle of Morgana, as Miss Welty sets it forth, is told by a number of people at different times, and one event is sometimes seen from several points of view. The book begins with a certain Mrs. Fate Rainey, who tells in her own

words the story of the two people who figure most prominently in it—King MacLain, an unpredictable, shiftless, far-wandering ne'er-do-well, and his wife, Snowdie. It ends, forty years later, with a description of Mrs. Rainey's funeral, at which King MacLain is one of the chief mourners. In between, the reader is introduced to various other inhabitants of Morgana: Virgie Rainey, who plays the piano at the picture show; Miss Eckhart, the town's music teacher; the MacLain twins; little Loch Morrison and his sister Cassie; their father, who owns the local newspaper; their mother; a whole gaggle of small girls; and, among others, Miss Perdita Mayo, who prides herself on being a woman "that's been clear around the world" in her rocking chair.

In the course of telling about these characters, Miss Welty gets to their hearts and the heart of Morgana; we come to know it all. Her book is so full of good things that one is tempted to go on about them endlessly. I shall mention only a few: a handling of children that is rather wonderful, an eye for significant detail, a nice sense of the comic and the bizarre, and, above everything else, a gift for language. All these excellences are not combined on every page, and Miss Welty's novel has its ups and downs, but I think that



only once has she failed to bring things off. This is in a chapter devoted to a meeting in the woods between King MacLain and a young countrywoman named Mattie Will Holifield. Mattie's husband is along, practicing with a .22, and before she and King can get together, he has to be disposed of. Miss Welty's way of getting rid of him is to have King fire a shot in his direction, which causes him to fall down and knock himself cold. Not only did I find this a bit contrived, but the episode, while done in the author's own manner, seemed almost a burlesque of Faulkner. But then I am so grateful for Miss Welty's novel that I am inclined to regard this defect (if I am correct in calling it a defect) as the one flaw that, according to an old Chinese theory of aesthetics, should appear in every work of art.

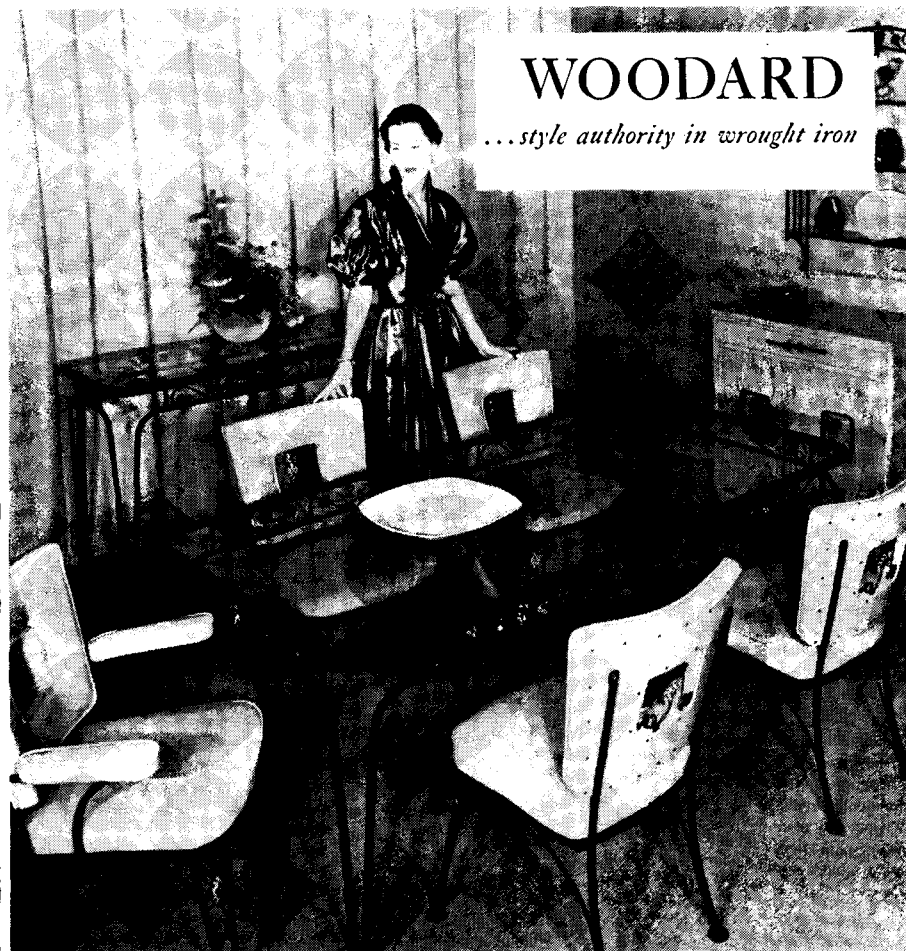
—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SURE THING, by Merle Miller (Sloane). A perceptive and tightly constructed novel about the current Red hysteria in Washington, with one of its victims as hero. The man under attack is a State Department officer whose past aberrations in the direction of Leftish causes have been sniffed out by a publicity-seeking congressman, a couple of malicious fellow-bureaucrats, and a highly efficient phalanx of F.B.I. men. Mr. Miller considers the murky but dangerous motivations of these pursuers and comes to the conclusion that even when the persons responsible for this sort of persecution aren't possessed of deeply evil designs, their fuddled mentalities can only too easily condone and advance such designs. He gives equal attention to the intellectual evolution of the man being investigated, who, because of his overemotional approach to political problems, isn't totally uncensurable, either.

THE QUESTION OF GREGORY, by Elizabeth Janeway (Doubleday). The tragedy of a dispirited and almost soulless liberal, whose son's death in the Second World War, followed closely by that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, breaks up his relationship with his wife and with all the companions of his years of shallow political idealism. The hero, who has achieved the status of a fairly elevated Washington functionary, abandons his official trappings and enters on a period of



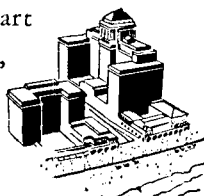
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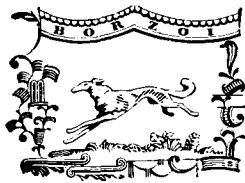
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he hopes will give him some sense of purpose. Mrs. Janeway, in cool and well-knit prose, drives him to a final realization that it is probably too late for him to acquire any of the abiding values he has always lacked. Since these blind spots in his character have been quite apparent throughout the book, this conclusion doesn't appear as tragic as it might.

A NIGHT AT THE AIRPORT, by Mark Aldanov (Scribner). Seven ingenious and gracefully written stories, of which all but one deal with contemporary topics. Mr. Aldanov has had the temerity to attempt, in one instance, a fictional account of the last hours of Mussolini, and, in another, of the Yalta Conference, and in both has been surprisingly successful at making convincing estimates of the emotions of the people involved. The title piece concerns a group of travellers stranded at a mid-Atlantic airport on the eve of an undesignated war. The remaining stories go into less startling matters, including minor incidents during the last years of Michelangelo and during the German Occupation of Paris. In all cases, the author is, properly, less awed by history than by human reactions.

THE EGYPTIAN, by Mika Waltari (Putnam). An impressive five-hundred-page vista of Eastern Mediterranean life in the fourteenth century B.C., presented with painstaking scholarship and no undue histrionics. The narrator is a court physician under a series of pharaohs who, according to the vagaries of their natures and the intrigues of their ministers, alternately give him exalted influence at home and wearisome missions abroad. These trips enable the author to add to his detailed and matter-of-fact view of the Egyptians similarly believable ones of such peoples as the Babylonians, the Syrians, and the Hittites. There aren't any female characters that American matrons will enjoy identifying themselves with, but the realism of the hero's often earthy adventures and the credible sketches of his contemporaries are sufficiently absorbing to make up for this lack. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September.

GENERAL

THE STRANGE LIFE OF AUGUST STRINDBERG, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Macmillan). A biography, written in a narrative form, which is distinguished for its author's extensive

knowledge of her subject and regard for fact. Strindberg was a man of talent, creative vitality, and far-seeing intelligence who was possessed by a demon (which he cherished dearly); he frustrated himself, he quarrelled with his friends, he embittered his relations with women, he hankered after exotic vices and morbid philosophies, and, in general, acted the way so many of the fin-de-siècle writers and artists seemed to feel they had to act. Miss Sprigge, a British novelist and theatrical producer, has not had to dramatize Strindberg's life. He took care of that. It is possible that she overestimates the staying power of his writings, but there is no doubt that she is right about his being a lasting influence, for his mark is apparent in the work of many of the best modern playwrights, among them Eugene O'Neill, Thornton Wilder, and Sean O'Casey. Illustrations.

CONGRESS ON TRIAL, by James M. Burns (Harper). A close and often unkind scrutiny of the American legislative process by a man who was a member of the recent Hoover commission on government reform. Professor Burns points out the obvious bugs in our political machinery—the seniority rule in House and Senate committees; the jealously guarded techniques, like the filibuster, by means of which minorities can bring Congressional business to a standstill; the recurring deadlocks between the President and Congress; and others. He goes on to show how, in his opinion, a governmental system set up in the eighteenth century can be made to work efficaciously in these difficult days. The main reform he proposes is a strengthening and revitalizing of the two-party system, to the end that each party would have to formulate a definite policy and take it before the electorate, and, if elected, would have to stick to it.

MEMOIRS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH, by Albert Schweitzer (Macmillan). A little collection of backward glances that add up to a memorable and charming essay in autobiography. The author tells of his early years as the son of an evangelical parson in Upper Alsace, his schooling at the Mülhausen Gymnasium, his youthful discoveries of reading, religion, music, and the inspiration of friendship. By early adolescence, he had pretty well made up his mind that he was an idealist, and he resolved, "with bovine defiance" to live in a

way that would make it unnecessary ever to look back with regret. Dr. Schweitzer tells his story with frankness and simplicity, and though he takes many a good-humored poke at himself as an earnest young man, he respects that young man, and with reason.

THE BLUE FIELD, by John Moore (Whittlesey House). A continuation of the author's chronicle of his native village of Tewkesbury—here called Brensham—which he has written about in two previous books. Mr. Moore has an artfully straightforward style, an aptitude for literary reference, and what is often called quiet humor, and there is a basic honesty in his writing and in his interest in people that saves the book from being meretricious.

A STUDY OF LITERATURE, by David Daiches (Cornell). The author observes in this book that a skeptical age is a good period in which to stop and reflect on the nature and value of imaginative literature, and he starts off by posing some very forthright questions—for instance, why do we find it worth while to read stories about events that never occurred and people who never existed? In getting at his answers—and he does not pretend that they are unequivocally right—he wanders purposefully into discussions of the use of language in literary art, the nature of present-day and classical fiction, the interdependence of science and literature, and the importance or unimportance of a poet's or a novelist's belief in his message and his work. Professor Daiches has stimulating new thoughts about his subject, knows what he wants to say, and writes it down without recourse to any of the special jargon that blights so much contemporary critical writing.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BELOW SUSPICION, by John Dickson Carr (Harper). A murder trial that appears at first to be a fairly routine affair leads to complications requiring the attention of Gideon Fell, that rather flamboyant old snoop. Fell is assisted in his researches by an equally dramatically inclined barrister, and the evidence uncovered by these two in the course of some perilous prowls through creaky mansions seems to bear out their contention that a lot of people have gone gruesomely berserk in modern England. Impeccably

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THE GOLDEN DART, by Selwyn Jepson (Doubleday). Eve Gill, the vigorous English miss who made her previous appearance in "Outrun the Constable," embarks on another series of escapades, this time arising out of the discovery of an abandoned two-year-old on the banks of a river near Yarmouth. Soon Miss Gill finds herself in the midst of a murder case in which one of Britain's most affluent bachelors is involved. Her solution is arrived at after a fine display of athletics and with her usual disregard for the sensibilities of the local law. Diverting, in a haphazard way.

HAND ME A CRIME, by Charlotte Murray Russell (Doubleday). Jane Amanda Edwards, a member of the expanding sisterhood of whimsical spinster sleuths, dawdles a little as she tries to find out which of a neatly assorted group of suspects has put a corpse in a river. Invited to tea by the wife of a choleric general commanding an Army post in the Middle West, she stays around for several days to busy herself in a murder complicated by multiple wills, a dim-witted policeman, and the shenanigans of her own foolish sister and brother. She finally confronts the murderer in an unmasking scene nearly fatal to herself. Slow-paced but mildly amusing.

DAYS OF MISFORTUNE, by Aaron Marc Stein (Doubleday). The somnolent town of Mérida, Yucatán, seldom bothered by anything more disruptive than live American visitors, is set on its ear when a dead one turns up. Tim Mulligan and Elsie May Hunt, a pair of American archeologists, drop their study of Mayan artifacts in order to clear their native airplane pilot of the crime. Their path is cluttered with gently obtuse townsfolk, mysterious *Norteamericanos*, and several more corpses, but the killer is exposed after an involved chase through almost all the local bars, hotels, and ruins. Mr. Stein handles the Yucatán setting and the Mayan people with loving care, and his solution is creditably ingenious.

F. W. writes: Can a person with arthritis drink beer?

REPLY

This depends upon the joints involved.
—The News.

Notably the right- and left-elbow



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